

CITY and TOWN



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CITY AND TOWN

A THIRD READER

BY

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FORMERLY

TEACHER, WHITTIER SCHOOL, BOSTON

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PREFACE

THIRD grade readers may be divided into two general classes. The first of these lays strong emphasis upon the imaginative element in literature, as the fairy story, folk tale, fable, and myth. The second correlates closely with nature study. Other features that may be included in these readers are employed merely to relieve the monotony of an otherwise "one idea" book.

It is true that children are interested in, and should become acquainted with, both of the above types of readers, but such readers, excellent to a limited extent, are not adequate. A well-balanced reading plan should provide material which appeals to the many sides of the child's experience and to the multiplicity of his interests and tastes.

Three definite objects have been kept in mind in the preparation of this book which is offered to satisfy the demand for variety.

The first of these objects is a recognition of the potent appeal of the city to the interests of both the urban and the country child.

The authors of third grade readers have not considered the fact that a large proportion of the children

of the entire country live in, or near, cities or towns, and that they are consequently interested in city scenes and city ways.

Writers of nature study readers would doubtless argue that the city child visits in the country and in common with the country child comes into intimate contact with nature. Why not reverse the argument? Easy and rapid transit between the city and the country is fast bringing to city and country children, like scenes, similar experiences, and a more or less common knowledge. It is safe to say that few children exist to-day who have neither lived in, nor visited a city or a large town, and it is certainly an established fact that *all* children are interested in urban life and its many associations.

An effort has been made to interpret and expand this interest in a series of selections dealing with scenes which are witnessed daily by the average child of city or town. The postman, fireman, bootblack, newsboy, street vender, etc., are introduced with a result both interesting and informing.

The author's second object has been to interpret fittingly the great human drama of everyday life which lies so close to the child's heart. The simple acts, such as the family observances of birthdays, of Christmas, of Thanksgiving, and of St. Valentine's day; the civic observances such as the celebration of Washington's birthday, the Fourth of July, etc., all have received due recognition.

Lastly, there has been an effort made to provide poems which are appropriately related to the prose selections. Children too long have had an excuse for the inexpressive reading of poetry in the fact that most of the poems found in readers are far too difficult for the grade because they are unrelated to the average child's experiences. It is because the child has not understood that he has failed to interpret intelligently many of the poems of this type. On familiar ground, he feels more at ease, and thus bridges more successfully the gap between the reading of prose and of poetry.

The author has provided against a plethora of reading material which merely interests and informs. A goodly number of standard literary selections are used which should lay the foundation for an appreciation of the best in literature.

The lessons in this reader have been tested by city and country children and have been found to be of great interest to both.

P. F. R.

WHITTIER SCHOOL, BOSTON,
May, 1912.

FOREWORD

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COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
SEPTEMBER 3, 1803

*Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by .
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city doth now like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE CLOCK'S STORY

I am the big clock on the court-house. I have been here for over a hundred years. So you see that I am much older than you, or your father, or even your grandfather.



Many people stop as they hurry along the street to look up at me and to learn the true time. I tell the little children when they should go to school, and when they should go to bed.

How often I have heard people say, "Let's see what time it is by 'Old Trusty.'" They call me "Old Trusty" because I can be trusted to tell the correct time.

I have seen two men take out their clocks—

excuse me, I mean their watches — and say, “ Our watches do not agree. Let’s look at ‘Old Trusty.’ He is sure to be right.” Then they would look at me and set their watches by my time.

I have failed but once to give the correct time. Would you like to hear about my only mistake? I really could not help it; neither could the man who winds me.

About five years ago, we had one of the coldest nights that I ever remember. Men turned up their coat collars, women hugged their furs closer, and the children scampered by without even stopping to slide.

My hands were pointing to just six when it began to snow. I could feel the flakes sifting through my works. How the wind howled! Before long, the snow changed to a cold rain. Then it stopped raining and grew even colder than before. What do you suppose happened then to the snow and rain that had covered me?

It froze into a hard mass of ice. I began to feel that matters were not right with me. The wheels turned more and more slowly. Pretty soon

they stopped altogether, and my tick-tock, tick-tock could be heard no longer.

I felt frightened and lonely. But there was nothing that I could do to help. I waited. How long the night seemed! Would morning never come?

But the longest night has an ending. Soon the milk wagons rattled by, and a little later the factory whistles began to blow. Some men went hurrying by. One of them looked up at me. "Twenty minutes past seven! I am late!" he said.

Then a poorly dressed woman, with a bundle under her arm, came along. She glanced at me anxiously. "I promised to start work at a quarter past," she muttered.

How ashamed I felt! Next, two little boys came running along. One of them looked up at me. "Only twenty minutes past seven!" he cried. "That is too early to start for school. We have never yet been late. Let's slide over in the park for a while. We shall get to school in plenty of time."

They ran off joyfully in the direction of the pond. How I wished that I could speak and tell the boys that if they stopped to slide they would be late for school ! But I could only wait quietly.

Not long after this, the man who winds me came along.

He glanced up at me and then took out his watch. "Old Trusty, you have stopped for the first time," he said. "We shall have to wait and see what Doctor Sun can do for your troubles."

All that morning the sun shone warm and strong on me. At noon, I could feel the ice beginning to melt and then I heard the drip, drip of the water as it ran off. How happy I felt ! By three o'clock that afternoon, I was all ready for work again. The caretaker oiled me thoroughly and said that I was "as good as new."

I heard afterwards, that on the following day, the newspapers printed a long piece about "Old Trusty's first stop in a hundred years."

I certainly hope that it will be my last one !

THE BOY'S MANNERS *

The Boy was going out to Roxbury. He was going alone, though he was only five years old. His Aunt Mary had put him in the electric car. The car went directly past his house, and the Boy “hoped he *did* know enough to ask the conductor to stop the car.”

So there the Boy was, all alone and very proud, with his legs sticking straight out, because they were not long enough to hang over, — but he did not mind that, because it showed his trousers all the better, — and his five cents clutched tight in his little warm hand.

Proud as he was, the Boy had a slight feeling of fear somewhere down in the bottom of his heart. His Aunt Mary had just been reading “Jack and the Bean Stalk” to him, and he was not quite sure that the man opposite him was not an ogre. He was a very, very large man, about twelve feet tall, the Boy thought, and at least nine feet round. He had a wide mouth, full of sharp-looking teeth,

* Copyright, 1895, Estes and Lauriat.

and he rolled his eyes as he read the newspaper. He was not dressed like an ogre, and he carried no knife in sight; but it might be in one of the pockets of his big gray coat.



Altogether, the Boy did not like the looks of this man at all, but nobody else seemed to mind him. A girl sat down close beside him, but the big man took no notice of her or anybody else, and kept on reading his newspaper and rolling his eyes.

So the Boy sat still, only keeping a good lookout, so that if this person *should* pull out a knife, or begin to grind his teeth and roar, “Fee! fi! fo! fum!” he could slip off the seat and out at the door before his huge enemy could get upon his feet.

The car began to fill up rapidly. Soon every seat was filled, and several men were standing up. One of them trod, by accident, on the ogre’s toe, — the Boy could not help calling him the ogre, though he felt it might not be right, — and he gave a kind of growl, which made the Boy quiver and prepare to jump; but his eyes never moved from his newspaper, so the Boy sat still.

By and by a poor woman got in, with a heavy baby in her arms. She looked very tired, and though there were several other men sitting down beside the big gray one, no one moved to give the woman a seat.

The Boy remembered his manners, and knew that he ought to get up; but then came the thought, “If I get up, I shall be close to the ogre, for there is no standing-room anywhere else. I am crowded so close between these two ladies that

I can hardly get out; and if I do, there cannot possibly be room for that large woman."

The Boy gave heed to this thought, though he knew in his heart that it did not make any difference. Just then the tired woman gave a sigh, and shifted the heavy baby to the other arm.

The Boy did not wait any longer, but slipped down at once from his seat. "Here is a little room, ma'am!" he said, in his clear, childish voice. "There isn't enough for you, but you might put the baby down, and rest your arms."

At that moment the car gave a lurch, and the Boy lost his balance and fell forward—right against the knees of the ogre.

"Hi! hi!" said the big man, putting aside his newspaper, "what's all this? Hey?"

The Boy could not speak for fright; but the poor woman answered, "It's the dear little gentleman offering me his seat for the baby, sir! The Lord bless him for a little man that he is!"

"Hi! hi!" growled the big man, getting heavily up from his seat and still holding the Boy's arm, which he had grasped as the child fell, "this won't

do! One gentleman in the car, eh? And an old fellow reading his newspaper! Here, sit down here, my friend!" and he helped the woman to his seat, and bowed to her as if she were a duchess. "And as for you, Hop-o'-my-thumb —" Then he stopped and took the Boy up, and set him on his left arm, which was as big as a table. "There, sir!" he said, "sit you there and be comfortable, as you deserve."

The Boy sat very still; indeed, he was too frightened to move. Since the man had called him Hop-o'-my-thumb, he was quite sure that he must be an ogre; perhaps the very ogre from whom Hop and his brothers escaped. The book said he died, but books do not always tell the truth; papa said so.

When the big man began to feel in the right-hand pockets of his gray coat, the child trembled so much that he shook the great arm on which he sat.

The man looked quickly at him. "What is the matter, my lad?" he asked; and his voice, though rough, did not sound unkind. "You are

not afraid of a big man, are you? Do you think I am an ogre?"

"Yes!" said the Boy; and he gave one sob, and then stopped himself.

The gray man burst into a great roar of laughter, which made every one in the car jump in his seat.

Still laughing, he drew his hand from his pocket, and in it was — not a knife, but a beautiful, shining, golden pear. "Take that, young Hop-o'-my-thumb," he said, putting it in the Boy's hands. "If you will eat that, I promise not to eat you — not even to take a single bite. Are you satisfied?"

The Boy ventured to raise his eyes to the man's face; and there he saw such a kind, laughing look that before he knew it he was laughing, too.

"I don't believe you are an ogre, after all!" he said.

"Don't you?" said the big man. "Well, neither do I! But you may as well eat the pear, just the same."

And the Boy did:

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE GARDEN MOUSE

The city mouse lives in a house ; —
The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese ; —
The garden mouse eats what he can ;
We will not grudge him seeds and stocks,
Poor, little, timid, furry man.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE POSTMAN

It is Saturday morning and Charlie is watching



very sharply from his front window. He is looking for a man who is dressed in a gray suit with brass buttons. His cap is gray, too. In a large, brown leather bag which is strapped over his shoulder, he carries letters, postals, post cards, papers, magazines, and sometimes, packages.

Soon, a man comes around the corner and up the steps of the house. He rings the bell. Charlie calls to his mother, "The postman has come!"

He runs to the door and receives two letters, a post card, and a magazine. Each letter has a two-

cent stamp in the upper right hand corner. They are both marked :

Mrs. EDWARD C. PAYSON,
236 Garfield Street,
Columbus,
Ohio.

Charlie reads the address and knows that the letters are for his mother. The post card has a one cent stamp in the upper right hand corner and it is addressed to :

Master CHARLES PAYSON,
236 Garfield Street,
Columbus,
Ohio.

Charlie is very glad to receive the post card. Besides the address, he finds that there is other writing on the card. He reads it aloud to his mother. It says:

Austin, Texas,

March 16, 1912.

DEAR CHARLIE:

Thank you very much for the pretty post card which you sent last week. I am sending on this card, a picture of our dog Bobby. He was four months old yesterday. I took this snapshot a week ago with my new Brownie camera.

JACK.

Charlie turns the card over, and sure enough, there is a picture of the prettiest little dog! He seems to be begging for something, for he is sitting on his hind paws and holding up his front ones as if he had just said, "Bow wow!"

The little boy is very much pleased with Bobby's picture. He puts it in his post card album, for he is making a collection of cards from all parts of the country.

He then picks up the magazine and finds that it has no stamp and that it is addressed to:

E. C. PAYSON,

Columbus,

Ohio.

This is for papa. Charlie opens the magazine and looks at the pretty pictures. "The postman was good to us to-day," he tells mamma, who looks up from her letters.

"The postman is very useful," replies mamma. "He brings our mail three times a day, except on Sundays and holidays. On Sundays, he does not come at all; on holidays, he calls once during the day. Down town, where the big stores are, he calls even oftener than three times, on week days."

"I think that it must be great fun to be a postman, especially on two days of the year," said Charlie.

Can you guess what two days the little boy meant?

A BUNCH OF ROSES

The rosy mouth and rosy toe
Of little baby brother
Until about a month ago
Had never met each other ;
But nowadays, the neighbors sweet,
In every sort of weather,
Half way with rosy fingers meet,
To kiss and play together.

JOHN B. TABB.

A COLUMBUS STORY

Christopher Columbus discovered America on the 12th of October, 1492. He had spent many years in trying to get enough money to buy ships and to hire sailors for the voyage. At last, the king and queen of Spain gave him ships and



money. He crossed the ocean and discovered a new land.

When he returned to Spain, many people crowded about him wherever he went. He was called a hero and a great man. Even the king

and queen invited him to their palace and asked him to tell them the story of his wonderful voyage.

But there were some who were jealous of Columbus and who wished to do him harm. "He is but a poor Italian sailor!" they said. "And he has done nothing wonderful. Anybody could sail across the ocean!"

One day, Columbus was invited to a dinner, and several of the jealous people were present. They had planned to make fun of the great man and thought to do so by saying: "You call yourself a discoverer. But what have you discovered? We do not see why you are hailed as a hero. All that you have done is to cross the ocean and sail along the islands over there. It is the simplest thing in the world!"

Columbus did not answer; but a few moments later, he took an egg from a dish and said, "Which one of you gentlemen can make this egg stand on end?"

Everybody tried, and when the egg had gone around the table and none had succeeded, all said that it was impossible. Then Columbus took the

egg and struck the small end gently against the table so that the shell was pushed in a little. After that, he had no trouble in making it stand upright. "Gentlemen," he said, "you said that this was impossible, but I found it very easy. It is the simplest thing in the world. Anybody can do it—after he has been shown how."

THE STORY OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a man in a little house near a river. He was a Big Man, a strong man, and a very good-natured man.

The little house, which he called home, was poor and plain and neat, for our Big Man was orderly about his work and did all on time.

One day he said to himself: "I can do more than the work which I am now attending to every day. My little garden is beautiful, but I am strong enough to do more than work in this garden. I am all alone and I ought to be helping someone who is not as big and strong as I am.

"I will go out into the world and find the most powerful man, and I will do what he bids me."

So the next day away he went, down the path by the river bank and across the fields and out into the wide, wide world. He walked and walked and walked, but he met no man he thought was stronger than himself.

One morning he came to a large castle on the side of a mountain. Men were all around the castle, and in the courtyard—some on foot and some on horseback, but all as if ready to start on a journey.

“Who is Master here?” said our Big Man to one of the soldiers.

“The Lord of all this country. See him coming yonder on his snow-white horse. He is to lead us to battle against another Lord who lives on the other side of the mountain.”

“Is your Lord a strong man?” asked the traveler.

“Indeed he is strong—the strongest man in the world,” was the reply.

“I will be his servant,” said our Big Man, and he crossed the yard and walked up to the Master and offered his services.

“My man, you are just the one I need for a body-guard,” said the Master. “Ho! master of the horse! Bring hither your largest and strongest animal—one suitable for a giant.”

“I want no horse,” said the Big Man. “I

am stronger than any horse." He turned to a soldier near him and lifted his horse from the ground.

"By my sword, but you are strong," said the Master. "Walk beside me and I will fear no enemy."

The line of march began, and down the long road went the army of the Lord and Master of all the countryside. It was three days before they reached the place where the enemy lived. On the morning of the fourth day, sounds of music were heard coming from the castle of the Lord of the land which they were now preparing to conquer. Soon the whole mountainside seemed alive with sounds of music and warriors riding back and forth. It seemed as if they had sprung from the earth, for no lines of marching men had gone out of the massive castle or fortress. Signs of fear appeared on the face of the Master, who sat on his horse surrounded by his warriors.

"They are prepared," he said. "Soldiers are here from far and near. They outnumber us three

to one, and they will hew us down like the woodsmen leveling the forest. Turn!" he called out. "Back to our own fortress!"

In a few moments the place was left without a rider, but our Big Man stood his ground.

"Yonder man is stronger," he said. "I will offer my services to him." He strode across the green and over rocks until he stood beside the Master of the place, and said:

"Are you the strongest man in the world?"

"I am!" roared the man.

"Then I want to enter your services."

For several days he remained in the employ of the new Master, doing as he was told and receiving kind treatment from everyone, for his large size made all respect him.

One night a terrible storm arose, and it seemed as if the castle would be blown down by the wind or burned by the lightning which flashed in all directions. The Master, or Lord of the castle, was in a terrible state of fear. The Big Man was very much surprised.

"Whom do you fear?" he said.

"I fear the Evil One who, I think, is sending us this storm."

"Is he stronger than you?"

"A thousand times stronger," was the answer.

"Is he the strongest one in the world?"

"No, there is One stronger than the Evil One. He who created the world and all things is more powerful."

"Where may I find Him?"

"He is everywhere. You may meet Him any day."

The Big Man began his search for the strongest man in the world. For days and days he walked and walked, until at last he found himself at his own home by the swiftly flowing river.

"I will catch some fish," he said, "and remain here for a time."

He was tired, and after eating his fish, he went to his old bed and was soon fast asleep. Late at night a terrible storm arose, and the thunder and lightning seemed about to destroy the world. Above the fury of the storm, he heard a voice call-

ing for help. At once he arose and went out into the night to listen to the call.

"Come over the river and carry me across!" said the voice as of a child.

"Wait until the storm is over," answered the Big Man.

"Come now, without delay," said the voice, and the man began to cross the stream. By carefully choosing his stepping-places, he finally reached the other bank, where he found a fair-haired little boy who asked the man to carry him over the river.

The man took him on his shoulder and began to retrace his steps. By avoiding the rocks and the deep holes, and watching the light in his cottage, he at last reached shore. He took the Child from his shoulder and put Him on the ground, then said: "I know not who you are, but I thought I was carrying the world, so heavy you seemed."

"You were carrying the Creator of the world, the Lord and Master of all."

"Is there any other Master more powerful than you?" asked the Big Man.



“No one is equal to Me, and none can be more powerful.”

“Then I wish to serve you all my life,” said the Big Man. “Tell me what I am to do.”

“You must fast and pray.”

“But my strength is all I have, and if I fast, I will lose it, and I do not know how to pray. All I can do is work.”

“Then you may work. You may live here in your own home, and when you hear a call, see that the stranger is taken safely across the river. Because you this day bore Christ across the stream, your name shall be Christopher, which means Christ-bearer.”

For many years, Saint Christopher continued to carry or ferry strangers across the river, offering each day his work for the powerful Master who made Heaven and Earth and All Things.

B. ELLEN BURKE.

SAVED BY A SPIDER

A prince, who had been defeated in battle, fled for his life without a single companion, and hid himself in a cave in the woods.

That night a spider wove its web across the opening of the cave. In the morning, two soldiers from the enemy's army, who had been sent to find the prince, passed the cave where he was lying.

"Look," said one, "perhaps he is hidden in that cave; it is a very likely place."

"He can't be there," said the other, "for if he had gone in, he would have brushed away that spider's web."

They went on, without looking into the cave, and the prince afterwards escaped. Thus was a prince's life saved by a spider.

THE FOUR OXEN AND THE LION

Four oxen once fell to talking over their troubles: "We are always in danger of being preyed upon by lions," they said. "We can never have a moment's peace." Then the oldest and



wisest of the oxen spoke up, saying, "If we four were to join forces and live together in one pasture, no lion would dare attack us, for we could easily overpower him."

So they agreed to live together and to feed in the same pasture. Now a lion saw them from a

distance and planned to attack them, but he knew that he could not while they kept together.

At last, he managed to set them to quarreling with one another, and while quarreling, they separated; then the lion easily killed them one at a time.

ÆSOP.

In union there is strength.

GOOD CHILDREN STREET

Alice is going out to buy some fruit for her mother. She will go to the fruit stand on the corner, where many kinds of fruit are kept. An old woman takes good care of the fruit and keeps it arranged attractively. She has been here for many years. She is a kindly woman, little and wrinkled. Day after day, in winter and summer, early and late, she is always at her place, with a bright smile and a word for each of her customers.

To-day, as Alice asks for a dozen oranges, the woman hands them out with a smile and a cheery, "How is Miss Alice this morning?"

Alice answers pleasantly, and trips off home. As she runs along, she stops a moment to admire the roses blooming in the yards along the street. Flowers bloom the year round in the southern city where she lives. Now, it is almost Christmas time, yet the gardens are as bright with flowers as they are in June in the northern part of the country.

Alice lives on a street that has a very interesting name. Once it had no name at all! The

people who lived there wanted a name for their street ; so they had a big meeting to decide the matter.

Everyone who lived on the street went to the meeting and there was a great deal of talk about a name.

At last, Alice's grandfather, who was a very old man, stood up and said, "There are a great many children living on our street. They are all good children. Let us name our street for them."

All the people at the meeting thought that this was a beautiful idea.

So there was a neat, pretty sign made and put up on the corner.

And the name on the sign was "Good Children Street."

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

The breaking waves dashed high

On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark

The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,

They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame :

Not as the flying come,

In silence and in fear :
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,

And the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.



The ocean eagle soared

From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod; —
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THOMAS HOOD'S LETTER TO DUNNIE

Thomas Hood was a poet who lived not long ago in England, a country far across the sea. He wrote many beautiful poems. One of them, called, "I Remember, I Remember," you may read in this book on page 39.

The poet was very fond of children, and he wrote many letters to them. One of these letters, written to his little friend Dinnie, is given below for you to read.

Dinnie was the son of Thomas Hood's doctor. The little boy was spending a part of his vacation at the seashore in England; and here is the bright and interesting letter which was sent to him by the kindly poet.

Devonshire Lodge,
July 1st.

MY DEAR DUNNIE:

I have heard of your doings at the beach, and that you were very happy at getting to the sea. I am very fond of the sea, too, though I have been

twice nearly drowned by it; once in a storm in a ship, and once under a boat when I was bathing. Of course you have bathed, but have you learned to swim, yet? It is rather easy in salt water and diving is still easier.

Is not the tide curious? Though I cannot say much for its tidiness; it makes such a slop and litter on the beach. It comes and goes as regularly as the school children, but has no holidays as they do.

And what a rattle the waves make with the stones when they are rough! Sometimes you may hear the sound of a heavy sea at a distance, like a giant snoring. Some people say that every ninth wave is bigger than the rest.

But in rough weather, there are giant waves bigger than the others, that come in threes. When I was a boy, I loved to play with the sea, in spite of its sometimes getting rather rough. I and my brother chucked hundreds of stones into it, as you do; but we came away before we could fill it up.

Then there's fishing at the seaside. I used to catch fish with a very long line made of string. It

was like flying a kite. Once I caught a fish, and seeing it covered with red spots, thought I had caught the measles.

Do you ever wish when you are looking at the sea, that you could go on a voyage? If I were near you in my yacht, I would give you a sail.

And so good-bye, and take care of yourself so near the sea, for in some places they say it has not even a bottom to go to if you fall in. And remember when you are bathing, if you meet with a shark, the best way is to bite off his legs, if you can, before he walks off with yours.

I am, my dear Dinnie,

Your dear friend,

THOMAS HOOD.



I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!

The lilacs where the robins built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING

It was the night before Thanksgiving and little May Burns was very anxious that her mother take her to the city to do the shopping for the next day.

“I am seven years old, mamma!” said the little girl, trying to look very tall and “grown up.” “And I am sure that I shall not be sleepy before we reach home.”

Mamma looked down into the pleading face. “Well, come along, dear,” she said. “I suppose that staying up late *one* night will not harm you.”

May was delighted. She ran upstairs, and before one could count ten, she had put on her best red coat and fur cap, mittens, and rubbers, and was ready before her mother had finished dressing.

The ride down town in the trolley car, and later in the noisy elevated train, was a delight to May. All the houses and stores along the streets were lighted; and many people were out.

“We will go to the big market,” her mother said.

“Can you buy *all* the things there, mamma?” asked May.

“Wait and see for yourself, my dear,” was the answer.

When they finally reached the market, May said, “It looks like a big barn divided into little stalls, and each stall has different things.”

They went from place to place, buying first a big turkey, then cranberries, squash, rice and herbs—“to stuff Mr. Turkey with,” mamma explained—celery, raisins (for the plum pudding), oranges, apples, nuts, and candy.

The bundles were many and heavy when at last May and her mother started for home. But everybody else seemed to have just as many, and since it was such a happy time, what did it matter?

As they were riding home in the crowded car, May said, “I think that the Pilgrims would be very happy if they could see how many people are enjoying the holiday that they first celebrated.”

And I think that May was right, don't you?

THE CITY CHILD'S GOOD-NIGHT

Good-night, dear, noisy, happy street.
The clanging bells and hurried feet,
When I am safely tucked in bed
And all the daytime thoughts are fled,
Are just like music to my ears,
And drive away the night-time fears.

Good-night, dear street. Your lights so bright
Shine in my window all the night,
And company they are to me.
But oh! how lonely it must be
Beyond the city and the park
When everything is still and dark.

ELEANOR C. HULL.



LITTLE HAL'S RICHES *

One day our little Hal was invited to spend the afternoon with his young playmate, Johnny Lewis. Johnny's mother had died when he was a baby, but his father was still living. Johnny was an only child, and he dwelt in a fine house, and on Sundays rode to church in the grandest carriage to be met with in all the country round. He had a great many toys, and a real watch that would go all day and every day without stopping; and as for candies and cakes, why! the physician who attended the family said that Johnny had enough of such things given him to supply a whole regiment of little boys.

He was a funny doctor, and liked to make droll speeches; but, for all that, he would often shake his head very gravely when he felt his little patient's pulse; then he would look sternly at the big gold watch he held in his hand while counting Johnny's pulse beats, and mutter, "Too many good things are bad things for youngsters." Johnny would try for a while to puzzle out the

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strange sentence, but as he was ill on these occasions, he would soon give up the attempt in despair and close his eyes, longing to get well, so that he might eat plumcake and popcorn balls again.

But Johnny was not always ill; and, as I said before, he had many beautiful things. So, of course, this visit promised Master Hal a world of enjoyment. But, alas! when the poor little fellow returned home in the afternoon, his brow was clouded, and he had a dismal look in his blue eyes, and the least bit of a pout on his cherry lips.

Something was wrong, I knew, and at last Hal gave it words. "Mother, Johnny has money in both of his pockets!"

"Has he, dear?"

"Yes, and he says he could get ever so much more, if he wanted it."

"Well, now, that makes it pleasant for Johnny," I returned cheerfully. "Very pleasant; don't you think so?"

"Yes, only —"

"Only what, Hal?"

"Why, he has a big popgun and a gold watch

and a hobby-horse, and lots of things.” And Hal looked up into my face with a doleful stare.

“Well, my boy, what of that?”

“Nothing, Mother,” and the telltale tears sprang to his eyes, “only I think we’re poor, aren’t we?”

“No, indeed, Hal dear; we are very far from being poor. But we are not so rich as Mr. Lewis’s family, if that is what you mean.”

“Oh, Mother!” said the little fellow, “I do think we’re very poor; anyhow *I* am!”

“Oh, Hal!” I exclaimed sadly.

“Yes, ma’am, I am,” he sobbed; “I haven’t anything at all scarcely — I mean anything that’s worth money — except things to eat and wear, and I’d have to have them anyway.”

“Have to have them?” I echoed, at the same time laying my book upon the couch, “do you not know, my son —”

Just then Uncle Ben called out from the next room, where he had been reading his newspaper, “What’s the matter with the little man? Come in here, my boy!”

“Hal,” said he, solemnly, nodding to me by way of showing that he had overheard our conversation, “you know I’m a doctor, and if you’ll give me a chance to try some experiments, you can earn a lot of money.”

“Can I?” asked Hal, looking up quickly through his tears, “I’d like that ever so much; but what is an experiment, uncle?”

“An experiment,” said his uncle, “is a trial, a way of finding out things. If you want to find out what will happen when sugar is put into water, you simply try the experiment of putting a lump into this tumbler, so, and you’ll find out that the sugar ’ll melt and the water will become sweet. If you should put slices of lemon into the water, what would happen?”

“The water would be sour,” replied Hal, promptly.

“Yes, sir, you’re right,” said his uncle. “So much for experiment. Now for business.”

“I want to find out something about eyes; so, if you’ll let me have yours, I’ll give you ten dollars apiece for them.”

“For my eyes!” exclaimed Hal, astonished almost out of his wits.

“Yes,” said Uncle Ben, quietly, “for your eyes. I promise not to hurt you a particle. Only you couldn’t see out of them any more. Come, sir! ten dollars apiece, cash down. What do you say?”

“Give you my eyes, uncle! Why, I’d be blind!” cried Hal, looking wild at the very thought. “For two ten dollars? I think not!” and the startled little fellow shook his head.

“Well, thirty,—forty,—fifty,—a hundred dollars, then?” but Hal shook his head at every offer.

“No, sir! I wouldn’t let you have them for a thousand dollars. Why, what could I do without my eyes? I couldn’t see mother, nor the baby, nor the flowers, nor the horses, nor anything,” added Hal.

“I’ll give you five thousand!” urged Uncle Ben, taking a roll of bank notes out of his pocket. Poor little Hal standing at a respectful distance, shouted that he never would do any such thing.

“Very well,” continued his uncle, with a serious, business-like air, at the same time writing down

something in his notebook, "I can't afford to give you more than five thousand dollars, Hal; so I shall have to do without the eyes; but," he added, "I'll tell you what I will do: I'll give you twenty dollars if you will let me put a few drops out of this bottle into your ears. It will not hurt, but it will make you deaf. I want to try some experiments with deafness, you see. Come now. Here are the twenty dollars all ready for you."

"Make me deaf!" shouted Hal, without even looking at the money temptingly displayed upon the table. "I guess you don't do that either. Why, I couldn't hear a word if I was deaf, could I?"

"Probably not," replied Uncle Ben, dryly. So, of course, Hal refused again. He would never give up his hearing, he said — "No, not for three thousand dollars!"

Uncle Ben made another note in his book, and then came out with bids for Hal's "voice," for his "right arm," "hands," "just one leg," "feet," and so on, finally ending with an offer of ten thousand dollars for "mother" and five thousand dollars for "the baby."

To all of these offers, however, Hal shook his head, his eyes flashing and exclamations of surprise and indignation bursting from his lips. At last, Uncle Ben said he must give up his experiments, for the young man's prices were entirely too high.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Hal, and he folded his arms and looked as if to say, "I'd like to see the man who could pay them!"

"Why, Hal, look at this!" exclaimed Uncle Ben, peering into his notebook, "here is a big addition sum; come, help me do it."

Hal looked into the book, and there, surely enough, were all the figures. Uncle Ben read the list aloud.

"Eyes, \$5000; ears, \$3000; voice, \$2000; right arm, \$4000; feet, \$3000; mother, \$10,000; baby, \$5000."

He added the numbers together, and they amounted in all to forty-two thousand dollars.

"There, Hal," said Uncle Ben, "don't you think you are foolish not to take some of my offers?"

"No, sir, I don't," answered Hal.

“Then,” said Uncle Ben, “you talk of being poor, and by your own showing you have treasures that you’ll not take forty-two thousand dollars for. What do you say to that?”

Hal didn’t know exactly what to say; so he laughed and blushed for a second, and then with shining eyes exclaimed:

“Why, I’m very rich! all of us — you and mamma and everybody! but uncle —”

“Well, sir?”

“Why, Johnny Lewis has ’em too — besides the gold watch and the money in his pockets and everything!”

“My stars!” cried Uncle Ben in great surprise — for, to tell the truth, he was a little taken aback (as he afterward confessed to me, in confidence) — “Well, what’s going to be done about it?”

“Nothing,” said Hal, rosy with joy as he strode about, proud of his legs, his muscle, and all his possessions — “It’s all right — everybody’s rich enough after he finds it out.”

“Right you are,” said Uncle Ben, quietly slipping from the room.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

BEDTIME

Mother Duck sails down the lake,
Baby ducklings in her wake.
Night is here, and all are fed,
Time the babies were in bed.

Mother Phœbe in the eaves
Sees the sunset light the leaves :
Sees the shadows overhead,
Knows 'tis time to go to bed.

Lady mother holds her son
Cuddled close, when day is done,
And when little prayers are said,
Tucks her baby into bed.

Every mother seems to know
Why the daylight has to go,
Why the night, with silent tread,
Sends the babies off to bed.

SUSAN SHARP ADAMS.

THE LOST BALLOON

Edith Duncan was feeling very happy because she had just earned some money by doing errands for a neighbor. "Ten cents is a good deal of money for a little girl six years old to earn," she thought.

"I will go out to the store and buy some candy," she said to her mother.

But on her way to the store, Edith changed her mind. She saw a man walking along with a bunch of toy balloons tied to one of his hands. There were blue, and white, and red ones.

The little girl spoke to the man and asked him the price of the balloons.

"Ten cents each," he answered.

Edith looked at them.

"I will take a red one," she said.

She gave the man her money and danced off with the balloon. How happy she was! The balloon was so pretty! It was very, very light. Edith kept a tight hold on the string, while the colored globe floated in the air high above her head.

Suddenly she thought, "I wish that it would go up still higher, like a Fourth of July balloon. I will play that it is an airship."

She let go of the string. Away went the balloon — higher and higher. The little girl could no longer reach it. Up and up it sailed until it was only a small speck. Soon, Edith could see it no longer.

She had lost her balloon! The precious, pretty balloon bought with the first money that she had ever earned!

Poor Edith! She sat down on the sidewalk and began to cry.

After a while, she jumped up and ran home. She told her mother all about the toy which had floated away.

"Never mind, dear," said mamma. "I will buy you another one, and the next time, do not let it sail away."

THE GIANTS' KETTLE

Three huge giants once lived in a cave near the Rhine. Their appetites were fully as great as their size, and as they ate nothing but oatmeal, they bade a neighboring founder make them the biggest kettle ever seen. After cooking their porridge for the first time in this new kettle, the giants sat round it, dipping their spoons into the center of the mass, drawing them out very full, opening their mouths, shutting their eyes, and gulping down each spoonful. When the last spoonfuls had thus been disposed of, and no porridge remained in the bottom of the vessel, each giant carefully licked his spoon clean, and, running it through his belt, exclaimed that the kettle was just the right size to satisfy his appetite.

Time passed on, but, although the kettle remained unchanged, and the giants grew no larger, it seemed as if, little by little, they had less and less to eat; and they daily drew their belts tighter, to prevent their spoons from falling through.

Finally, one of them declared he knew the kettle was bewitched, for every day his portion grew less. His brothers agreeing with him, they angrily invaded the founder's shop, threatening all manner of evil if he did not remove the spell from their kettle. The poor man, bewildered by their threats, vainly tried to defend himself, and to disarm their anger, finally bade them bring the kettle to him, so that he could carefully examine it and see where the fault lay.

The giants immediately went in search of their porridge vessel, and tipped it up on one side so that the founder could walk in, for it was so large that he could not look over the brim when it stood upright on the floor. The giants gloomily watched him walk in, and were greatly surprised to hear him burst into peals of laughter. Then, setting aside their eager questions, he ran into his shop, came out again with a hoe, and in a very few moments had scraped out a great heap of dried porridge which had gradually formed a thick crust all around the edge.

His work finished, he turned to the astonished

giants and coolly said: "Gentlemen, if you scrape your kettle clean, you will find that it will always contain the same amount of porridge."

The giants took this advice to heart and taught their people that one of the most important maxims of life was, to "scrape their kettles clean."

H. A. GUERBER.



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THE LAMPLIGHTER

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the
sky ;

It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at teatime and before you take
your seat,

With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up
the street.

Now Tom would be a driver, and Maria go to sea,
And my Papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what
I'm to do,

O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps
with you !

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many
more;

And O, before you hurry by with ladder and with
light,

O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

TINY BEAR'S DOLLS

You remember the story of the Three Bears and Goldilocks? Did you ever wonder whether anybody else wandered to that little house in the woods, where Mamma Bear and Papa Bear and little Tiny Bear lived, and whether they had as unpleasant a time there as poor Goldilocks had? I happen to know about something which occurred at the Bear cottage later, and, if you like, I will tell you about it.

Quite on the other side of the wood from the cottage, there was a huntsman's lodge, and here a gentleman used to come up from the city to hunt in the autumn. Just after Goldilock's visit to the Bears, this gentleman arrived, and brought his little daughter to keep him company. The child was not lonely in the hut in the midst of the great forest, for she brought all her dolls, and a wonderful family of them she had.

One day when Mr. Huntsman, as we will call him, was out shooting, he saw a little animal bunched up under a bush, and thought it was a

rabbit. He raised his gun to shoot it, when somebody cried out behind him, "Please, sir, that is my baby. Don't shoot my baby. Come here, Tiny."

He turned and saw Mamma Bear standing behind him, while the little bunch of fur which he had taken for a rabbit, and which was Tiny Bear fast asleep, jumped up and ran and hid behind her. Mr. Huntsman apologized and told Mamma Bear that he would be sorry to hurt her little son, and asked her to put a red ribbon on Tiny, so that he might never shoot him by mistake. This put a notion into Mamma Bear's head, and she said to him :

"Now, Papa Bear is very fierce sometimes. Here, let me put this blue feather from a jay's wing in your cap, sir, and I will tell him how kind the huntsman with the blue feather has been to his son, so that he may never harm you."

After that, Mr. Huntsman went several times to the Bears' cottage for something to eat when he happened to be over in that part of the wood. Mamma Bear was an excellent cook and could

make many things besides good soup. So, one day, after Tiny Bear had teased and teased and teased, saying that he wanted to see a real live little girl and hoped that Mr. Huntsman would bring Rosy over, he did finally agree that she should take her dolls and go to see Tiny Bear one Saturday afternoon.

She had quite a wagon-load of them—that is, a little toy wagon, you know—and her papa helped her to trundle it over. When they got to the Bears' cottage, you never saw a Tiny Bear act so absurdly as this Tiny Bear did. He got behind his mother, and squealed and timidly peeped out at the little girl, and wanted to know if she would *bite*.

“No, Tiny,” his mother said; “go and shake hands with your visitor.”

“I am afraid she will scr-atch me,” howled Tiny.

But he finally came up and held out his furry little paw, and then Rosy began to show him her dolls. Tiny forgot about being afraid when he saw these. He would not call them dolls at all.

"Why, they are little girls," he cried, hopping from one foot to the other. "They're just like you; they're little girls. Oh, Rosy, come upstairs and see my dolls."

"Have you dolls, too?" Rosy panted, as they scrambled up the stairs.

"Well, I should think so," said Tiny Bear, "a whole closet full. Mother makes them for me. I have been lonesome here, because I'm the only little bear in these woods."

"Why, that's just like me," said Rosy, as he swung the closet door open and began taking out the dolls. "Oh, these are not dolls," she cried, just exactly as he had spoken about her dolls; "these are bears."

"Well," asked Tiny Bear, "what do you suppose a doll is? It's a little bear, of course." And the two small creatures, laughing and tumbling over each other, pulled the bear dolls out of the closet.

Mamma Bear had made them very nicely out of all sorts of fur, with shoe buttons for eyes and bits of red flannel for tongues. And there were

white bears and black bears and grey bears, and even some little spotted bears made of wildcat fur, though I don't believe anybody ever saw a live bear that was spotted, do you?

After they had pulled them over, they ran downstairs for the "girlie dolls," as Tiny Bear called them, and carried them up in their arms, and played for a long, happy afternoon. The only thing they disagreed about was that Tiny Bear was very sure his bear dolls were afraid of her girl dolls, and Rosy was equally certain that her girl dolls were afraid of his bear dolls.

When it came time for going home, both of the little players became very solemn. Finally, Tiny Bear began in a little snuffling whine, as a baby bear always does when he is very much in earnest: "I want something, but I'm afraid to tell you."

"Why, that's just like me," said Rosy. "I want something, and I'm afraid to tell you."

"I want one of your girl dolls," cried Tiny Bear, all in a breath.

"And I want one of your bear dolls," Rosy shouted after him. "Let's swap; oh, Tiny Bear!

let's swap. I'll trade you any girl doll I have for any bear doll you want to trade me."

"All right," said Tiny Bear, "I want that one," and he put his paw on a blue-eyed doll with long, fair curls and a nicely jointed body. "I like her 'cause she doesn't look so scarey as the others — she looks very much like you."

"Well, then," said Rosy, "I'll choose me a bear doll." And little Tiny Bear went and stood in a corner, and turned his face away while she chose one, for he was very fond of his dolls, and hated to see any of them go. Finally, she chose a white bear, and Tiny sighed as he came back, saying:

"I did hope you'd take that one. Mother says there are white bears, but I never saw one, and I don't like it — but I'm glad you do."

So the delightful playtime was over, and Rosy went home with her father, promising to come back and play again, and begging Tiny Bear to come over to see her — and to bring his dolls.

But now a strange thing happened. Mr. Huntsman and Rosy never could find again that little cottage where Mamma Bear and Papa Bear

and Tiny Bear lived! If it had not been for the white bear doll (and her blue-eyed doll being gone) Rosy might have thought the thing was all a dream. Indeed, her papa laughed at her one day when she was hunting for the Bears' cottage, and said he believed she had lost the blue-eyed doll, and as for the white bear, it might have been among the toys that her mamma sent up from town the day on which she says she went to Tiny Bear's cottage.

But I don't think so, do you? I believe that if she comes back next year with her father, when he comes up to hunt, and if she looks very carefully, she will most certainly find that little cottage, with the door standing wide open, and the three bowls of soup on the table, and the three chairs in a row, and upstairs the closet full of Tiny Bear's dolls.

GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

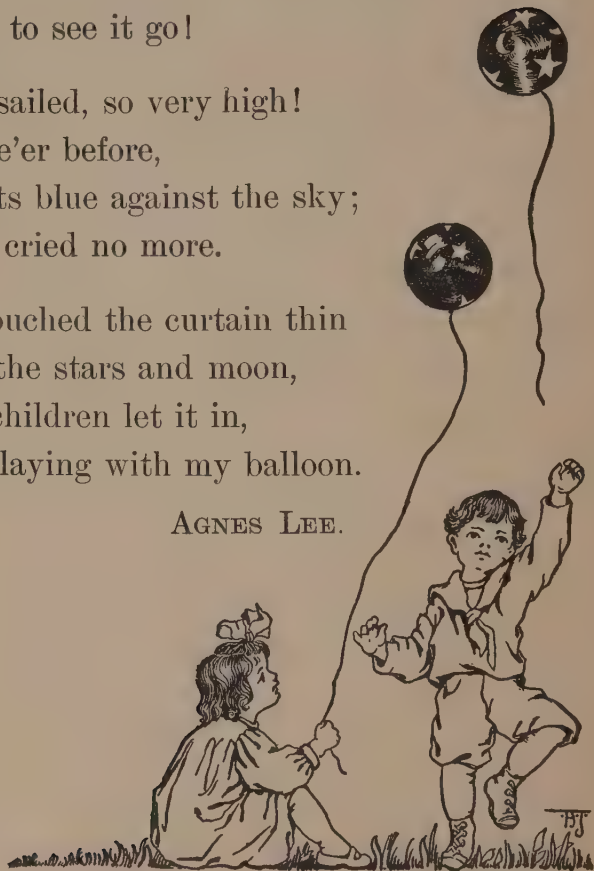
THE TOY BALLOON

With my balloon I ran at play,
And loved the dearie so,
But from out my hand it slipped away,
And I cried to see it go!

High up it sailed, so very high!
I cried as ne'er before,
'Till I lost its blue against the sky;
And then I cried no more.

I knew it touched the curtain thin
That hides the stars and moon,
And angel children let it in,
And were playing with my balloon.

AGNES LEE.



THE BOOTBLACK

Jim is a bootblack. He is ten years old and lives in the city. He is very poor and has to work hard, for his father and mother are both dead. He lives with an old woman who keeps a fruit stand on one of the city's crowded streets. Jim calls the old woman "Granny."

Granny is kind to the boy. Sometimes she gives him an apple or a banana from her fruit stand. Then he smiles and thanks her.

Jim goes to school in a big, red brick building. Just as soon as school is over in the afternoon, he hurries home to get his shoe stand. He is very proud of this stand, for he himself made it from a block of wood. On the block of wood there is a piece of iron.

Jim carries the stand, some blacking, some strips of cloth, and a brush, to the street corner. Noisy elevated trains roar above his head; automobiles, electric cars, heavy teams, and many people pass him. It is a very busy part of the city.

Jim places his stand on the sidewalk and calls,

“Shine, shine, get your shoes shined!” Soon, people begin to come to his stand. They like his cheerful voice and pleasant face. Well dressed little boys and girls, as well as grown up people, come to have their shoes shined. “How is Jim to-day?” they ask.

Then the boy will nod and smile. He rests the shoe on the stand, brushes it, and covers it with dressing or blacking. Next, he takes a cloth and rubs, and rubs, and rubs, until the shoe is so bright that one can almost see his face in it.

Jim smiles happily and shines the other shoe. He is paid five cents for every pair of shoes that he shines.

He works all day on Saturday, and late at night goes home to Granny. The old woman is poor herself, but she is good to Jim. She always saves a hot supper for the boy.

On Sunday, she and Jim sometimes walk through the park. Then they talk of a day to come when Jim will be a man with a shoe store of his own, and of the happy times that they will have together.

SNOW IN TOWN

From Lucas's "Book of Verses for Children." By permission of Henry Holt and Company.

Nothing is quite so quiet and clean
As snow that falls in the night;
And isn't it jolly to jump from bed
And find the whole world white?

It lies on the window ledges,
It lies on the boughs of the trees,
While sparrows crowd at the kitchen door,
With a pitiful "*If you please?*"

It lies on the arm of the lamp-post,
Where the lighter's ladder goes,
And the policeman under it beats his arms,
And stamps—to feel his toes;

The butcher's boy is rolling a ball
To throw at the man with coals,
And old Mrs. Ingram has fastened a piece
Of flannel under her soles;

No sound there is in the snowy road
From the horses' cautious feet,
And all is hushed but the postman's knocks
Rat-tatting down the street,



Till men come round with shovels
To clear the snow away,—
What a pity it is that when it falls
They never let it stay!

And while we are having breakfast
Papa says, "Isn't it light?
And all because of the thousands of geese
The Old Woman plucked last night.

And if you are good," he tells us,
"And attend to your A B C,
You may go in the garden and make a
snow man
As big or bigger than me!"

RICKMAN MARK.

A LETTER FROM THE CITY

325 Lake Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois,
December 12, 1912.

DEAR FRED:

Thank you very much for answering my last letter so soon. It seemed good to hear from you again. Mother wants me to ask you to thank Aunt Mary for her kind invitation to spend Christmas at the farm. How we should love to go! But I am afraid that we shall not be able to travel so far this year.

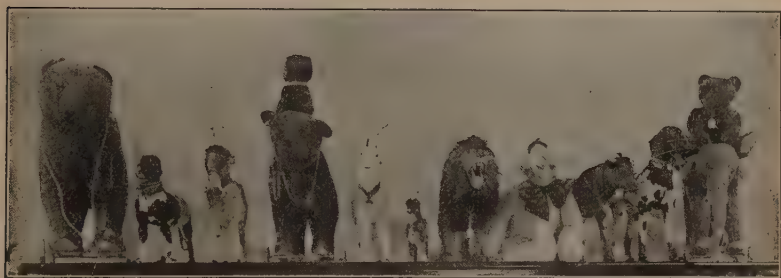
You wrote that the sleighing and skating are good in Scarboro, now. Have you a double-runner? Father made me one last year, but there was so little snow that I used it only once or twice.

But this year, we have already had two big snowstorms, and I have been enjoying the coasting very much.

The skating has been good, too. Not far from our house is a field which is flooded; and last week, I went skating there three times with Fred Barnes.

He is a fine skater. I am just learning, and fall down and pick myself up, more than I skate.

Last Saturday, Fred and I and two other boys, made a snow fort in the yard. It was great fun! Then we played soldier, and Fred and I fought against the other boys. We threw a great many snowballs. I don't really know who did beat at last.



Yesterday afternoon, mother and I went to town. The stores are decorated for Christmas, now. We saw many, many people on the cars and in the streets; and we found that the stores were very much crowded. Everybody had bundles and everybody looked happy. Being pushed and shoved did not seem to matter, as long as it was all done for Christmas and a good time.

We went first to a big store where almost everything is sold—clothes, toys, things for the

house, and even food. I smelled things cooking, and when I told mother, she said that there was a large kitchen and a dining room on the fourth floor, where many people ate every day.



We had a ride on the moving stairway. It was great fun!

Then mother and I took the elevator to the toy department. There we saw a man dressed like Santa Claus. He wore a red suit trimmed with white fur. He smiled at me and asked what I wanted for Christmas. I told him that I would

like a flexible flyer, a drum, a set of soldiers, and a toy circus. He said that he would try to see that Santa Claus sent me what I liked best. I hope that I will get the flexible flyer, anyhow. I want that most of all.

Mother is calling me and says that it is almost supper time, so I will write no more now.

Please send me another letter soon. Give our best love to Aunt Mary.

Your loving cousin,

JACK.



THE CITY CHILD

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?

Whither from this pretty home, the home where
mother dwells?

“Far and far away,” said the dainty little maiden,

“All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,

Roses and lilies and Canterbury bells.”

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?

Whither from this pretty house, this city house
of ours?

“Far and far away,” said the dainty little maiden,

“All among the meadows, the clover and the
clematis,

Daisies and king-cups and honeysuckle flowers.”

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE FIR TREE

PART I

Far down in the forest, where the warm sun and the fresh air made a sweet resting place, grew a pretty little fir tree; and yet it was not happy, it wished so much to be tall like its companions, the pines and other firs which grew around it. The sun shone, and the soft air fluttered its leaves, and the little children passed by, talking merrily, but the fir tree heeded them not.

Sometimes, the children would bring a large basket of raspberries or strawberries, and seat themselves near the fir tree, and say, "Is it not a pretty little tree?" which made it feel more unhappy than before. And yet all this while, the tree grew a notch, or joint taller every year; for by the number of joints in the trunk of a fir tree we can discover its age. Still, as it grew, it complained, "Oh! how I wish I were as tall as the other trees, then I would spread out my branches on every side, and my top would overlook the wide world. I should have the birds building their nests

on my boughs, and when the wind blew, I should bow with stately dignity, like my tall companions!”

The tree was so discontented, that it took no pleasure in the warm sunshine, the birds, or the rosy clouds that floated over it morning and evening. Sometimes, in winter, when the snow lay white and glittering on the ground, a rabbit would come springing along, and jump right over the little tree; and then how ashamed it would feel!

Two winters passed, and when the third arrived, the tree had grown so tall that the rabbit was obliged to run around it. Yet it remained unsatisfied and would exclaim, “Oh, if I could but keep on growing tall and old! There is nothing else worth caring for in the world!”

In the autumn, as usual, the woodcutters came and cut down several of the tallest trees, and the young fir tree, which was now grown to its full height, shuddered as the noble trees fell to the earth with a crash. After the branches were lopped off, the trunks looked so slender and bare that they could scarcely be recognized. Then they were placed upon wagons, and drawn by horses

out of the forest. "Where were they going? What would become of them?" The young fir tree wished very much to know; so in the spring, when the swallows and the storks came, it asked, "Do you know where those trees were taken? Did you meet them?"

The swallows knew nothing; but the stork nodded his head, and said, "Yes, I think I do. I met several new ships when I flew from Egypt, and they had fine masts that smelt like fir. I think these must have been the trees: I assure you they were very stately."

"Oh, how I wish I were tall enough to go on the sea," said the fir tree. "What is the sea, and what does it look like?"

"It would take too much time to explain," said the stork, flying quickly away.

"Rejoice in thy youth," said the sunbeam; "rejoice in the fresh growth, and the young life that is in thee."

And the wind kissed the tree, and the dew watered it with tears; but the fir tree regarded them not.

Christmas-time drew near, and many young trees were cut down, some even smaller and younger than the fir tree, who enjoyed neither rest nor peace because it longed to leave its forest home. These young trees, which were chosen for their beauty, kept their branches, and were also laid on wagons and drawn by horses out of the forest.

“Where are they going?” asked the fir tree. “They are not taller than I am; indeed, one is much less; and why are the branches not cut off? Where are they going?”

“We know, we know,” sang the sparrows; “we have looked in at the windows of the houses of the city, and we know what is done with them. They are dressed up in the most splendid manner. We have seen them standing in the middle of a warm room, and adorned with all sorts of beautiful things — candy, and balls, apples, playthings, and many hundreds of wax candles.”

“And then,” asked the fir tree, trembling through all its branches, “and then what happens?”

“We did not see any more,” said the sparrows; “but this was enough for us.”

“I wonder whether anything so fine will ever happen to me,” thought the fir tree. “It would be much better than crossing the sea. I long for it almost with pain. Oh! when will Christmas be here? I am now as tall and well grown as those which were taken away last year. Oh! that I were now laid on the wagon, or standing in the warm room, with all that brightness around me! Something better and more beautiful is to come after, or the trees would not be so decked out. Yes, what follows will be grander and more splendid. What can it be? I am weary with longing. I scarcely know how I feel.”

“Rejoice with us,” said the air and the sunlight. “Enjoy thine own bright life in fresh air.”

But the tree would not rejoice, though it grew taller every day; and winter and summer, its dark green foliage might be seen in the forest, while passers-by would say, “What a beautiful tree!”

PART II

A short time before Christmas, the discontented fir tree was the first to fall. As the axe cut through the stem, and divided the pith, the tree fell with a groan to the earth, conscious of pain and faintness, and forgetting all its dreams of happiness in sorrow at leaving its home in the forest. It knew that it should never again see its dear old companions, the trees, nor the little bushes and many-colored flowers that had grown by its side; perhaps not even the birds. Neither was the journey at all pleasant. The tree first recovered itself while being unpacked in the yard of a house, with several other trees; and it heard a man say, "We only want one, and this is the prettiest."

Then came two servants in grand livery, and carried the fir tree into a large and beautiful room. On the walls hung pictures, and on the mantel stood great china vases. There were rocking-chairs, silken sofas, large tables covered with pictures, books, and playthings worth a great deal of

money. Then the fir tree was placed in a large tub filled with sand; but green cloth hung all around it, so that no one could see it was a tub, and it stood on a very handsome carpet.

How the fir tree trembled! What was going to happen to him now? Some young ladies came, and the servants helped them to trim the tree. On one branch they hung little bags cut out of colored paper, and each bag was filled with candy; from other branches hung gold balls, apples and walnuts, as if they had grown there; and above, and all around, were hundreds of red, blue, and white candles which were fastened on the tree. Dolls, exactly like real babies, were placed under the green leaves, — the tree had never seen such things before, — and at the very top was fastened a glittering star, made of tinsel. Oh, it was very beautiful!

“This evening,” they all cried, “how bright it will be!” “Oh, that the evening were come,” thought the tree, “and the candles lighted! Then I shall know what else is going to happen. Will the trees of the forest come to see me? I wonder

if the sparrows will peep in at the windows? Shall I grow faster here, and keep on all these ornaments during summer and winter?"

But guessing was of very little use; it made his bark ache, and this pain is as bad for a slender fir tree, as headache is for us. At last, the candles were lighted, and then what a blaze of light the tree presented! It trembled so with joy in all its branches that one of the candles fell among the green leaves and burned some of them. "Help! help!" cried the young ladies, but there was no danger, for they quickly put out the fire.

After this, the tree tried not to tremble at all, though the fire frightened him; he was so anxious not to hurt any of the beautiful ornaments. And now the folding doors were thrown open, and a troop of children rushed in as if they intended to upset the tree; they were followed more slowly by their elders. For a moment, the little ones stood silent with astonishment, and then they shouted for joy, till the room rang, and they danced merrily around the tree, while one present after another was taken from it.

“What are they doing? What will happen next?” thought the fir. At last, the candles burned down to the branches and were put out. Then the children received permission to plunder the tree.

Oh, how they rushed upon it, till the branches cracked, and had it not been fastened with the glistening star to the ceiling, it must have been thrown down. The children then danced about with their pretty toys, and no one noticed the tree, except the children’s maid, who came and peeped among the branches to see if an apple or a fig had been forgotten.

The tree remained quiet and thoughtful all night. In the morning, the servants and the housemaid came in. “Now,” thought the fir, “all my splendor is going to begin again.” But they dragged him out of the room and upstairs to the garret, and threw him on the floor, in a dark corner, where no daylight shone, and there they left him. “What does this mean?” thought the tree. “What am I to do here? I can hear nothing in a place like this,” and he leaned against the

wall, and thought and thought. And he had time enough to think, for days and nights passed and no one came near him. When at last somebody did come, it was only to put away large boxes in a corner. "It is winter now," thought the tree, "the ground is hard and covered with snow, so that people cannot plant me. I shall be sheltered here, I dare say, until spring comes. How thoughtful and kind everybody is to me! Still, I wish this place were not so dark, as well as lonely, with not even a little rabbit to look at. How pleasant it was out in the forest while the snow lay on the ground, when the rabbit would run by, yes, and jump over me, too, although I did not like it then. Oh! it is terribly lonely here!"

"Squeak, squeak," said a little mouse, creeping towards the tree; then came another, and they both sniffed at the fir tree and crept between the branches.

"Oh, it is very cold," said the little mouse, "or else we should be very comfortable here, shouldn't we, you old fir tree?"

"I'm not old," said the fir tree, "there are many who are older than I am."

"Where do you come from? What do you know?" asked the mice, who were full of curiosity. "Have you seen the most beautiful places in the world, and can you tell us all about them? Have you been in the storeroom, where cheeses lie on the shelf, and hams hang from the ceiling? One can run about and feed on candles there."

"I know nothing of that place," said the fir tree, "but I know the forest where the sun shines and the birds sing." Then the tree told the little mice all about its youth. They had never heard such an account in their lives; and after they had listened to it, they said, "What a number of things you have seen! You must have been very happy."

"Happy!" exclaimed the fir tree, and then as he reflected upon what he had been telling them, he said, "Ah, yes! after all, those were happy days." But when he went on and related all about Christmas-Eve, and how he had been dressed up with candy and lights, the mice said, "How

happy you must have been then, you old fir tree."

"I am not old at all," replied the tree, "I only came from the forest this winter."

PART III

One morning, people came to clear out the garret, the boxes were packed away, and the tree was pulled out of the corner, and thrown roughly on the garret floor. Then the servants dragged it out upon the staircase where the daylight shone. "Now life is beginning again," said the tree, rejoicing in the sunshine and fresh air. Then it was carried downstairs and taken into the yard so quickly, that it forgot to think of itself, and could only look about, there was so much to be seen. The yard was close to a garden, where everything looked blooming. Fresh roses hung over the little fences. The linden trees were in blossom, while the swallows flew here and there, crying, "Twit, twit, twit, my mate is coming"—but it was not the fir tree they meant. "Now I shall live," cried the tree, joyfully spreading out its branches; but

alas! they were all withered and yellow, and it lay in a corner among weeds and nettles. The star of gold paper still stuck in the top of the tree and glittered in the sunshine.

In the yard, two of the merry children were playing who had danced around the tree at Christmas, and had been so happy. The youngest saw the gilded star, and ran and pulled it off the tree. "Look what is sticking to the ugly old fir tree," said the child, walking on the branches till they crackled under his boots. And the tree saw all the fresh, bright flowers in the garden, and then looked at itself, and wished it had remained in the dark corner of the garret. It thought of its fresh youth in the forest, of the merry Christmas Eve, and of the little mice. "Past, past!" said the old tree. "Oh, had I but enjoyed myself while I could have done so; but now it is too late."

Then a boy came and chopped the tree into small pieces, till a large bundle lay in a heap on the ground. The pieces were placed in a fire, and they blazed up brightly, while the tree sighed

so deeply that each sigh was like a little pistol shot. Then the children, who were at play, came and seated themselves in front of the fire, and looked at it, and cried, "Pop, pop!" But at each "pop," which was a deep sigh, the tree was thinking of a summer day in the forest, or of some winter night there, when the stars shone brightly, and of Christmas.

The boys still played in the garden, and the youngest wore the golden star on his breast, with which the tree had been adorned during the happiest evening of its life. Now all was past; the tree's life was past, and the story also,—for all stories must come to an end at last.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

A LITTLE BOY'S GOOD-BY

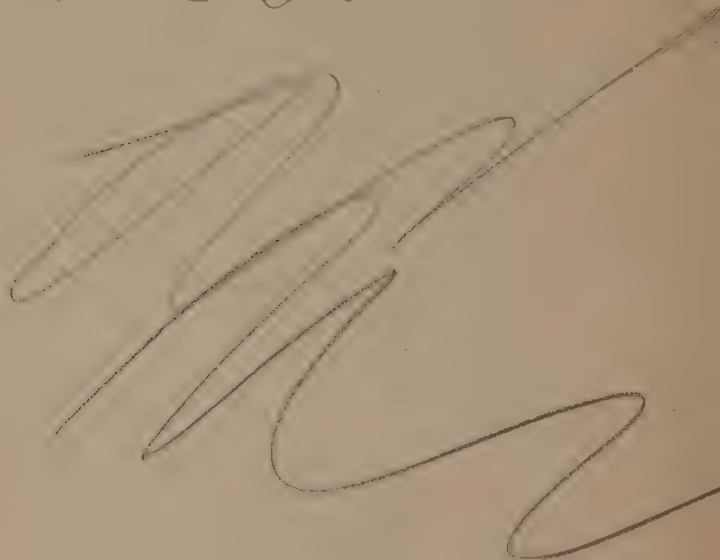
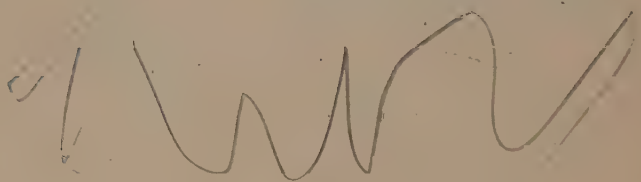
Little candles on my tree,
Say good-by to me.
Show me once again the light
Of your twinkling star beams bright,
Shine your best for me to-night,
Candles on my tree.

Glittering trinkets on my tree,
Say good-by to me.
Mother says you cannot stay
On my tree another day.
Now you must be put away,
Trinkets on my tree.

Lovely, smelly Christmas tree,
Say good-by to me.
In the morning you must go
Out into the cold and snow,
For you're old and worn, you know,
Pretty Christmas tree.

Tired, lonely Christmas tree,
Say good-by to me.
Little tears begin to smart
From the sadness in my heart.
In the morning we must part;
Good-by, Christmas tree.

SUSAN SHARP ADAMS.



OVER THE TELEPHONE

“Hello, Jack!”

“Hello, Ted!”

“When I came down to breakfast, mother reminded me that you are ten years old to-day. I want to wish you many happy returns of the day.”



“Thank you, Ted, for remembering me. It has been such a jolly time—beginning early this morning. I heard whisperings, and a great deal of running up and downstairs, before I was dressed; so, of course, I expected a surprise.

“ When I heard the breakfast bell, I ran down as fast as I could. You should have seen my place at the table! ”

“ I suppose that it was piled high with presents. Did you get the jack-knife that you have been wanting? ”

“ Yes, and it’s a beauty. Uncle Tom sent it all the way from New York. It has three blades and is one of the finest that I have ever seen. ”

“ What did your Aunt May send? I remember that she gave you a camera last year. ”

“ Yes, I thought that the camera was one of the best presents I ever had, but guess what she gave me that I like even better? ”

“ A box of paints? ”

“ No! ”

“ A set of soldiers? ”

“ No, you have one more guess. ”

“ A box of tools? ”

“ No, you are not even ‘warm.’ It is a fine garden set — hoe, shovel, rake, lawn mower, clip-pers, grader, roller and all! Won’t it be great for this spring? ”

“It certainly will be. Will you use it in the school garden?”

“Yes, and I am to have a garden at home where I can use it, too.”

“What other presents did you get?”

“A five dollar gold piece from father, two books — *Little Men* and *Jackanapes* — from Grandma, a necktie from cousin Bess, and half a dozen handkerchiefs from mother.”

“You certainly had good presents.”

“Yes, and the best is yet to come. Mother has made a beautiful birthday cake, and we are going to cut it to-night after supper. Won’t you come over and help us eat it?”

“I shall be glad to come, and thank you very much.”

“Good, then I can show you my presents this evening?”

“Yes.”

“All right.”

“Good-by.”

“Good-by.”

Note to the Teacher: It is suggested that the children read this lesson in sets of two, thus entering more completely into the spirit of a telephone dialogue.

A SLUMBER SONG

FOR THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD

Furl your sail, my little boatie ;
Here's the haven, still and deep,
Where the dreaming tides, in-streaming,
Up the channel creep.
See, the sunset breeze is dying ;
Hark, the plover, landward flying,
Softly down the twilight crying ;
Come to anchor, little boatie,
In the port of Sleep.

Far away, my little boatie,
Roaring waves are white with foam ;
Ships are striving, onward driving,
Day and night they roam.
Father's at the deep-sea trawling,
In the darkness, rowing, hauling
While the hungry winds are calling, —
God protect him, little boatie,
Bring him safely home !

Not for you, my little boatie,
Is the wide and weary sea ;
You're too slender, and too tender,
You must rest with me.
All day long you have been straying
Up and down the shore and playing ;
Come to port, make no delaying !
Day is over, little boatie,
Night falls suddenly.

Furl your sail, my little boatie ;
Fold your wings, my tired dove.
Dews are sprinkling, stars are twinkling
Drowsily above.
Cease from sailing, cease from rowing ;
Rock upon the dream-tide, knowing
Safely o'er your rest are glowing,
All the night, my little boatie,
Harbor-lights of love.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE THREE COLORS

It was a bright summer morning ; but at noon the air became sultry, and the sky clouded. A storm was gathering. Three colors began to quarrel among themselves as to which was the most beautiful.

“I,” said the Yellow, “am loved by the early spring flowers ; I gild the clouds at sunset, and spread myself over the ripening corn. I nestle among the leaves and remain with them until they die.”

“In the rose I am seen,” said the Red. “I am with all the bright summer flowers. I tint the gayest butterflies ; in the glowing autumn skies, I am seen in full glory. Who is as beautiful as I ?”

“Look to the cloudless summer sky ; to the deep shades of the green wood, where the blue-bells grow, and there you will see me,” said the Blue. “The modest violet is mine, and the forget-me-not. I am in the deep waters, also. Where, indeed, am I not ?”

Just now the rain began to come down in torrents; the sun broke out and smiled upon the storm. And lo! in a beautiful rainbow, which stretched over the heavens, the three colors appeared blended in the most perfect harmony.

ARACHNE

Arachne was a Grecian maiden who had become so skilful in the arts of weaving and embroidery that the nymphs themselves would leave



their forests and fountains to come and look upon her wonderful work.

It was beautiful not only when it was done, but beautiful also in the doing. To watch her, as she took the wool and formed it into rolls, or

separated it with her fingers and carded it till it looked as light and soft as a cloud, one would have said that the goddess Minerva herself had taught her.

But Arachne, who was very proud and haughty, could not bear to be thought a pupil even of a goddess. "I am no one's pupil, for I am as skilful as is possible for even a goddess to be. Let Minerva try her skill with mine," said she; "if beaten, I will accept punishment cheerfully."

The goddess Minerva heard this and was very angry. Disguised as an old woman, she went to give Arachne some friendly advice. "I have had much experience," said she, "and I hope you will listen to me. It is well to try to outdo your fellow beings, but do not set yourself against a goddess. I advise you to ask her forgiveness for what you have said, and, as she is merciful, perhaps she will pardon you."

Arachne stopped her spinning, and looked at the old woman with angry eyes. "Keep your advice," said she, "for your daughters or handmaids; for my part, I know what I say, and I

stand to it. I am not afraid of the goddess ; let her try her skill, if she dare come."

"She comes," said Minerva, and, dropping her disguise, stood before the foolish girl. The nymphs bent low in admiration, and all the people, standing by, paid her compliments.

Arachne alone was not frightened. She blushed, indeed, a sudden color rushed to her cheek, and then she grew pale. But she stood to her words, and with a foolish idea of her own skill, rushed on to her fate.

Minerva stopped no longer, nor gave any more advice. They started at once to spin. "We shall now see who is the more skilful," she cried angrily.

Each took her place and tied the web to the beam. Both worked with speed ; their quick hands moved with ease, and excitement made the work seem light.

Arachne filled her web with designs chosen to show the failings and mistakes of the gods and goddesses. Minerva could not but admire the beautiful work, yet felt angry at the insult,

She struck the web with her shuttle, and tore it in pieces. Then she touched the forehead of Arachne and made her feel her shame and foolishness.

Arachne could not bear it, and went and hanged herself. Minerva pitied her as she saw her hanging by a rope.

“Live, guilty woman,” said she; “and that the memory of this lesson may be kept alive, continue to hang, you and all who come after you, to all future times.”

She sprinkled her with magic juices, and immediately Arachne’s hair came off, and her nose and ears likewise. Her form shrank, and her head grew still smaller; her fingers grew to her sides, and served for legs.

All the rest of her is body, out of which she spins her thread, often hanging by it, in the same position as when Minerva touched her and changed her into a spider.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER

A baby was sleeping ;
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea ;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling ;
And she cried, " Dermot, darling, Oh, come back
to me ! "

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee :
" Oh, blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with
thee.

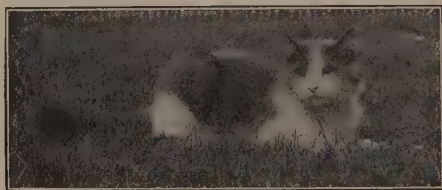
And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me !
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to
see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering
with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

WEEJUMS'S JOURNEY

The first day on the train, Weejums sat up in Eunice's lap like any other traveller, enjoying the view, and spitting at the engines that passed. When the sleeping-car conductor came along, she was hidden under the seat in the hopes that he might not guess what the lunch-basket held. But he did, because when he took the tickets, Weejums got out of the basket and sharpened her claws on his leg.



He jumped a little, and said, "I am sorry, but that cat will have to go into the baggage car to-night. We never allow animals on a sleeper."

"Then I'll go, too," said Eunice.

"We don't allow little girls in a baggage car," he said with a smile.

"But she'll be so afraid," said Eunice, almost in tears; "she hates men!"

"I think that she can defend herself," said the conductor, rubbing his leg. And in spite of all that Eunice could say, he carried Weejums off to the baggage car, where she was much disappointed at seeing so many locked trunks, when they might so easily have been nice open ones, with pink silk waists in the top tray for her to lie on.

In the morning, Eunice had scarcely finished dressing when the train conductor came along, and before Mrs. Wood could stop her, she had asked him, "Oh, have you seen my kitty?"

Now the train conductor is a very important person, and as he has charge of all the cars, and all the passengers that are in them, it was not at all likely that he would know anything about a little girl's kitty.

But to Mrs. Wood's surprise, he laughed and said, "Yes, we just gave her some milk out of the cans that were put on at the last station. Pretty cat, isn't she?"

"I think that you must have a little girl of your own, or you would not be so kind," said Mrs. Wood.

“I have two of them, madam,” he answered.
“Tickets, please.”

After breakfast, Weejums was brought back, and spent a happy day with Eunice and another



little girl, who was allowed, as a great favor, to help put on the red flannel blanket, stitched with pink. The other passengers offered sweet crackers to the children and smiled to see them so happy.

That night they had to change cars, and this time there was no friendly conductor to get milk

for Weejums, but a cross expressman, who charged seventy-five cents, and did not seem to love cats.

In New York, Mrs. Wood had to go into a crowded baggage room, filled with tumbling trunks and dozens of men, to ask for "A cat, please."

Weejums was very glad when they left New York after staying for a few days with Eunice's aunt. Of course she had not gone to any of the parties with Uncle Rob, or been invited to have an ice cream soda.

And it was not interesting, either, to walk in a tiny brick yard crowded with clotheslines, or to feel one's way along a fence so narrow that if another cat came along, you either had to back away, or stay and fight it out.

So it happened that Weejums behaved beautifully when she was next put into the lunch-basket.

"I shall make no disturbance whatever," she purred to herself. "While travelling in a stuffy basket is not my idea of comfort, still it is far better than living in New York!"

Adapted from CAROLINE FULLER.

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A CAT TO HER KITTENS

“Little kittens, be quiet — be quiet, I say!
You see I am not in the humor for play.
I’ve watched a long time every crack in the house,
Without being able to catch you a mouse.
Now, Muff, I desire you will let my foot go;
And, Prinny, how can you keep jumping, miss, so?

Little Tiny, get up, and stand on your feet,
And be, if you can, a little discreet!
Am I to be worried and harass’d by you,
Till I really don’t know what to think or to do?
But hush! hush! this minute! now don’t mew
and cry —

My anger is cooling, and soon will pass by;
So kiss me and come and sit down on the mat,
And make your dear mother a nice happy cat.”

ELIZA GROVE.

From “Poems Children Love.” Used by Permission of the Publishers,
Dodge Publishing Company.

SAINT VALENTINE'S HOUSE *

Do you know, children, how and where all the valentines are made that you see in the shops nowadays?

Well, suppose I tell you all about it.

When you go to fairyland, turn to the left after you enter the gate, and the first house you come to will be Saint Valentine's.

This is what I did when I went there, and you shall hear what I saw.

On entering the house, I found myself in a large hall hung with gold and silver paper, and glittering with brightness. Here were hundreds of little cupids with tiny wings, who were running and flying about, as busy as bees.

One was carrying a roll of gold paper as big as himself; another was painting beautiful flowers on white paper; others were making paper lace. But all seemed to be helping and waiting on a person who sat by a huge table at the farther end of the hall, and this person I soon found to be Saint Valentine himself.

* Copyright, 1895, Estes and Lauriat.

He was a young man, and very handsome. He was dressed in sky-blue velvet, embroidered with gold, and had big pearls for buttons. He seemed as busy as the rest, and merely nodded and smiled when he saw me, and called out, —

“Number Three Shears,
Approach, my dears!”

I heard a queer, sharp voice at my elbow, saying, “Now, then, by your leave,” and turning, saw at my elbow an enormous pair of shears, walking about on two legs, and looking as proud as you please.

“Dear Number Threes,
A million sevens, if you please!”

said Saint Valentine.

Snip-snap, snip-snap went the shears, and there lay a million little sheets of white paper.

Then the Saint cried, —

“Bring me some hearts,
And flaming darts!”

and a dozen cupids came up, dragging a great

basket full of hearts and carrying bundles of darts under their arms. Quick as lightning, Saint Valentine took a couple of hearts out of the basket, clapped them on a sheet of paper, stuck a dart into them, flung a wreath of flowers around them, then, thump a great stamp came down on the paper, and out of it came a lovely valentine.

That was quick work ; in five minutes, I should think, five hundred valentines were turned out. I stood looking on in delight.

Suddenly the Saint called out, —

“ A big one let us now begin,
And let us put the lady in ! ”

At first I did not know what he meant ; but he took an enormous sheet, and after showering hearts and roses and cupids upon it, turned to me, and said, sweetly, —

“ Now if you will venture in it,
I'll stamp you out in half a minute.”

This was too much, and making him a low bow, I awoke.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

CLOVER

Little masters ! hat in hand,
Let me in your presence stand,
Till your silence solve for me
This, your threefold mystery.

Tell me — for I long to know —
How, in darkness there below,
Was your fairy fabric spun,
Spread and fashioned, three in one.

Did your gossips gold and blue,
Sky and Sunshine, choose for you,
Ere your triple forms were seen,
Suited liveries of green ?

Can ye — if ye dwelt indeed
Captives of a prison seed —
Like the Genie, once again
Get you back into the grain ?

Little masters, may I stand
In your presence, hat in hand,
Waiting till you solve for me
This, your threefold mystery ?

JOHN B. TABB.

THE SILVER SKATES

The place selected for the race was a large field of ice near Amsterdam, in Holland. Twenty girls are to race on skates and the prize is to be a beautiful pair of silver skates.

Already the band has begun to play, and the race is now about to start.

The twenty girls form in a line.

A man, whom we shall call the crier, stands between the columns and the judges' stand. He reads the rules in a loud voice :

“ The girls are to race until one has beaten twice. They are to start in a line from the column, skate to the flagstaff line, turn, and then come back to the starting point, thus making a mile at each run.”

The flag is waved from the judges' stand. Madame van Gleck rises in her box. She leans forward with a white handkerchief in her hand. When she drops it, a bugler is to give the signal for them to start.

The handkerchief is fluttering to the ground.
Hark !

They are off!

No. Back again. Their line was not true when they passed the judges' stand.



The signal is given a second time.

Off again. No mistake this time. Whew!
how fast they go!

Cheers spring up along the line. Hurrah! five girls are ahead. Who comes flying back from the boundary mark? We cannot tell. Something red, that is all. There is a blue spot flitting near it, and a dash of yellow nearer still. People at this end of the line strain their eyes, and wish that they had taken their post nearer the flagstaff.

The wave of cheers is coming back again. Now we can see. Katrinka is ahead!

What is that flash of red and gray? Hurrah, it is Gretel! She waves her hand. The crowd is cheering; but she hears only her father's voice, — "Well done, little Gretel!" The girl in yellow is gaining now. She passes them all—all except Gretel. The judges lean forward without seeming to lift their eyes from their watches. Cheer after cheer fills the air; the very columns seem to rock. Gretel has passed them. She has won.

"*Gretel Brinker, one mile,*" shouts the crier.

The judges nod. They write something upon a tablet which each holds in his hand.

Soon Madame van Gleck rises again. The fallen handkerchief starts the bugle, and off go the twenty girls like so many arrows.

It is a beautiful sight, but one has not long to look; before we can fairly see them, they are far in the distance. This time they are close upon one another. It is hard to say, as they come speeding back from the flagstaff, which will reach the columns first. Katrinka is there, and Hilda, but Gretel is behind. Hilda is ahead. She has not faltered since that bugle-note sent her flying like an arrow toward the goal. Cheer after cheer rises. "Hurrah, hurrah!"

The crier's voice is heard again.

"Hilda van Gleck, one mile!"

And now the girls are to skate their third mile.

The third mile may decide the race. Still, if neither Gretel nor Hilda wins, there is yet a chance among the rest for the silver skates.

Each girl feels sure that *this* time she will cover the distance in one half the time. How they stamp to try their runners! How carefully they

examine each strap! How straight they stand at last, every eye upon Madame van Gleck!

The bugle sounds again. They spring forward, bending, but keeping their balance perfectly. Each stroke seems longer than the last.

Now they are skimming off in the distance.

Again the shouts and cheering, as, after a few moments, four or five, ahead of the rest, come speeding back nearer, nearer to the white columns.

Who is first? Not Katrinka, nor Hilda, nor the girl in yellow, but Gretel — Gretel, the fleetest fairy of a girl that ever skated. She was only playing in the other two races; now she is in earnest, something within her has determined to win. That graceful little figure cannot stop — not till the goal is passed.

In vain the crier lifts his voice; he cannot be heard. He has no news to tell; it is already ringing through the crowd — *Gretel has won the silver skates!*

MARY MAPES DODGE, in "Hans Brinker."

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

The good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play :
“ Come, Peter, come ! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me ;
And take these cakes I made for him —
They are hot and smoking yet ;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set.”

* * * * *

And now, with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way ;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place —
Alas ! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face !

Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.

But she said: "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve —
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,

As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.

“Ah! well for us,” said Peter,

“That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!”

“You’re a wicked sea,” said Peter,

“I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!”

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child’s face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.

He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.

’Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;

But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.

A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night ;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy ! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm !
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh ;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.

He hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him.
Save the echo of his call.

* * * * *

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done ;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun ?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door ;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before !

“ He is dead ! ” she cries ; “ my darling ! ”
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears :
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife —
“ Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life ! ”
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy ;

And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then ; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

* * * * *

PHCEBE CARY.

OUR FIRST PRESIDENT

This is a picture of a statue of George Washington, a great American who was born nearly two hundred years ago.



As a boy, Washington lived in the country. He was very happy there. In the summer, he

took long tramps through the woods. He went fishing, too ; and he learned to ride horseback.

He liked to play soldier. The other boys made him captain, and he led them up and down the road teaching them to march. He told them that they must carry sticks across their shoulders, just as if they were real soldiers with muskets.

Little George always wanted to be a soldier, and when he grew to manhood, his wish came true.

He left his quiet home in the country and went away to fight the Indians. A few years later a cruel war broke out. At that time our country belonged to a king. This king lived across the sea in a big castle in England.

He was so unkind to the people of our country that they decided to fight against him, and to try to make the land their very own.

But it was not an easy matter to do this. There were only a few soldiers and they had but little money, scanty food, and few muskets. The King of England had a great deal of money and so many soldiers that he could hardly count them.

It would be very hard work to defeat the king's forces.

The American people began to look for a brave, wise soldier who could lead their army against England's soldiers. At last they decided that George Washington was the best man to drill and lead their soldiers.

For six long years Washington led the American soldiers to war. Many men were killed or wounded and many suffered from cold and hunger. But Washington was never afraid, and he never gave up believing that his men would be victorious in the end.

Finally the King of England grew weary of fighting such brave men as Washington and his soldiers. He decided that since the Americans had won so many battles, it would be best for him to order his soldiers back to England.

So all the English soldiers sailed home, leaving America a free country, as it is to-day.

Everybody in America loved and honored Washington. It was seen that he was the man who had driven away the English and freed the country.

When people began to search for a man to become their president, they said, "Washington is the bravest and best man in our entire country. Let us make him our first president."

They elected him president, and later named a city for him. Washington is the name of the beautiful city where our president lives to-day.

After Washington had been president for eight years, he returned to his home in Virginia, where he died a few years afterwards.

At the time of his death, bells tolled in all parts of the country, and everybody mourned. The people admired their noble leader so much that they had statues of him made, and erected in their streets and parks. Then, whenever they saw a statue of Washington, they would say to themselves, "What a great and good man George Washington was!"

And that is just what we think now, when we see a statue of our first president.



AMERICA

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

THE POLICEMAN

May was five years old and had never been to school. She lived on one of the city's busiest and noisiest streets.

One day, May's mamma sent her to the store to buy a pint of milk. The store was not far away.

It was a warm, pleasant, spring day. As the little girl went skipping along, she saw a lady on the other side of the street, carrying a bunch of daisies. May had never seen daisies growing.

"I wish that I could sit down in a daisy field and pick all the daisies that I want. I wonder if I could find some if I walked up this street here. Mamma will not mind if I am gone for a few moments," she thought.

She started to walk up the street, looking all the while for the flowers. But, although she walked a long distance, she saw no daisies — only long rows of ugly brick houses with small grass plots now and then.

May began to feel tired. She thought that

she could not find the daisies after all, and that it would be best to start for home.

She turned back and ran along as fast as her weary feet would carry her. Now she was beginning to feel frightened, for the houses looked strange and not at all like the ones near her home.

At last, she could walk no longer. She sat down on a doorstep and cried bitterly. Many people hurried by, but none of them stopped to speak to her. They seemed to be too busy to stop and help a little girl who was troubled.

May sat there for a long time. How lonely she felt! No one seemed to notice her falling tears.

Finally, the little girl got up and stumbled along again. Soon she came to a very noisy part of the city, where elevated trains thundered overhead, and street cars, automobiles, teams, bicycles, and many people on foot, filled the streets.

In the midst of the busy crowd, stood a big man in a dark blue uniform with shining brass buttons and a blue helmet. May knew that he was a policeman. She had often heard her mother

say that the policeman carries off bad people and locks them up.

May was afraid of this big man in the blue uniform with shining brass buttons. She thought



that he might, perhaps, take *her* away and lock *her* up.

The policeman was nodding his head and waving his arms. He did this in order to show the people on foot and the drivers of the cars, and of

the teams, and of the automobiles, and the riders of bicycles how to pass along without bumping or crowding.

May waited until the policeman turned away. Then she started to cross the street. But she had not seen a big automobile that came whizzing along. Nearer and nearer it came. May, unconscious of the danger, was almost under the wheels when she heard a shout and felt strong arms lifting her high in the air.

She found that she was looking down into the big policeman's face. The little girl was very much frightened. She thought that he would surely lock her up, now.

But the policeman only carried her safely to the sidewalk and spoke very kindly to her. He asked her where she lived and if she was lost.

May told him how she had started out to pick daisies and then could not find the way back.

The policeman smiled and said that she would have to go to the country to find a daisy field. He dried the little girl's tears and told her that

in a few moments he would take her home. May felt better after that.

Soon another policeman appeared. He had come to take her policeman's place. Then May's kind friend clasped her tiny hand in his own big one and led her safely home.

How glad mamma was to see her little girl! She had been very much worried. She thanked many times the big, kind man in the dark blue uniform with shining brass buttons.

May is not afraid of policemen now. She has always remembered how kind one of them was to her.

THE CLEVERNESS OF CYCLONE

Franklin Wood and his sister, Eunice, were certain to own a houseful of pets at all seasons of the year.

In winter, the cats slept in the cellar, which was nicely warmed by the furnace. As for the rabbits, they had a little house of their own in the yard. But they suffered when the cold weather came, and one morning, after a big snowstorm, there was nothing to be seen of their house but the cupola.

Franklin dug out the house with much fear, expecting to find his little pets frozen to death. But instead of being dead, they were piled in one large, warm heap on top of each other, like popcorn balls, and seemed very eager for their breakfast.

Mrs. Wood thought it wonderful that they had lived through the night, and advised Franklin to keep them in the cellar while the cold weather lasted.

So it happened that when the cellar door was not closed at night, Cyclone, the dog, who slept

in the kitchen, would be awakened by strange nips at his tail.

But he never tried to catch the wicked white heels that went scampering back through the darkness. He had decided that the rabbits were a new kind of kitten.

One night Mrs. Wood heard a strange noise in the kitchen, and creeping down with her candle, interrupted a lively game of tag among all the animals.

Dogs, cats, and rabbits—all were chasing each other around the room in a circle and with many stamps, spits and barks.

They were having such a good time that Mrs. Wood felt sorry to have disturbed them, and sat down to watch the fun.

But her candle had broken the spell, and like fairies when the cock crows, they became once more their daytime selves. Indeed, most of them looked very much ashamed of having been caught at such antics.

Soon after this, there was a great thaw, and one morning, when Mrs. Wood went down to the

ice box, there were six inches of water in the cellar.

“Come down! Come down!” she called to the children. “The rabbits are floating around on boxes!”

Each rabbit was sitting, cross and dignified, on a box of its own; while the cats sat in a disgusted row on top of the coal bin.

It was such a funny sight that the children could not help laughing, although they were worried for the safety of their pets.

“How’ll we ever get them out?” Eunice asked.

There was a pattering of feet behind them, and Cyclone came down to join the party.

“Here—I know!” said Franklin, seizing him by the collar. “Look, Cyclone! Seek, seek! Go, bring them in.”

But Cyclone only ran up and down the steps in terrible distress, not having the slightest idea what Franklin wanted.

“Seek, seek,” Franklin said again, pointing to the rabbits. After barking for a minute, Cyclone plunged into the water. He reached the first box



and scrambled up beside Dulcie, who, not liking his company in the least, moved over as near as she could to the edge and bit him on the leg.

Cyclone yelped and leaped down again, while the box rocked and swayed from his last kick.

This seemed to give him an idea ; for, putting his nose against the box, he pushed it gently toward the stairs, wagging his dripping tail in answer to the children's shouts of praise.

"Good, old boy, fetch, fetch!" Franklin said, as Dulcie was safely landed, and Cyclone went back after another.

In ten minutes more, he had rescued all the rabbits, and a board was laid across from the stairs to the coal bin for the cats to come down.

Cyclone had breakfast with the family that morning, and his extra bone was as sweet as his heart was proud.

Adapted from CAROLINE FULLER.

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MARCH

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies ;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month ! in praise of thee ;
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring ;
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
In joy that they again are free,
And, brightly leaping down the hills,
Renew their journey to the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms, the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of many showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

By courtesy of D. Appleton and Company, New York, publishers of "The Poems of William Cullen Bryant."

THE STORY OF THE MORNING-GLORY SEED

A little girl one day in the month of May dropped a morning-glory seed into a small hole in the ground and said : “ Now, Morning-glory seed, hurry and grow, grow, grow until you are a tall vine covered with pretty green leaves and lovely trumpet flowers.” But the earth was very dry, for there had been no rain for a long time, and the poor wee seed could not grow at all.

So, after lying patiently in the small hole for nine long days and nine long nights, it said to the ground around it: “ O ground, please give me a few drops of water to soften my hard, brown coat, so that it may burst open and set free my two green seed leaves, and then I can begin to be a vine!” But the ground said: “ That you must ask of the rain.”

So the seed called to the rain : “ O rain, please come down and wet the ground around me so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then will my hard, brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed

leaves and I can begin to be a vine!" But the rain said: "I cannot unless the clouds hang lower."

So the seed said to the clouds: "O clouds, please hang lower and let the rain come down and wet the ground around me, so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then will my hard, brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed leaves and I can begin to be a vine!" But the clouds said: "The sun must hide, first."

So the seed called to the sun: "O sun, please hide for a little while, so that the clouds may hang lower, and the rain come down and wet the ground around me. Then will the ground give me a few drops of water and my hard, brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed leaves and I can begin to be a vine!" "I will," said the sun, and he was gone in a flash.

Then the clouds began to hang lower and lower, and the rain began to fall faster and faster, and the ground began to get wetter and wetter, and the seed coat began to grow softer and softer

until at last it burst open — and out came two
bright green seed leaves and the Morning-glory
Seed began to be a Vine!

MARGARET EYTINGE.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy

But winter and rough weather.
Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE UNSELFISH NEWSBOY

"*Globe! Sun! Herald! Traveller!* All the evening papers! Score of the game! Paper, paper, a paper, sir?"

Harry Kelly steps briskly among the busy



crowd which pours into the big station. People are hurrying for trains, and he has to be quick at taking out the right paper from his bundle and making the correct change without loss of time.

On each afternoon of the week, except Sunday, Harry walks to the big news stand to get his bundle of papers. Then he hurries to his place near the station and does his best to sell all his papers and return with a pocket full of pennies.

It is not always easy to do this, for there are

other newsboys at the station, many of whom are as eager as Harry to sell their papers.

Perhaps it is Harry's pleasant face and winning smile, and his polite manner that lead many a person to stop and buy of the boy. Or possibly it is his clean face and hands, and his neatly patched clothes and carefully blacked boots.

Harry is poor. There are six smaller brothers and sisters at home, and his father finds it hard work to feed and clothe them all.

Each night Harry gives his mother the money which he has earned, and how proud he is when she says, "You are a great help to me, my son!"

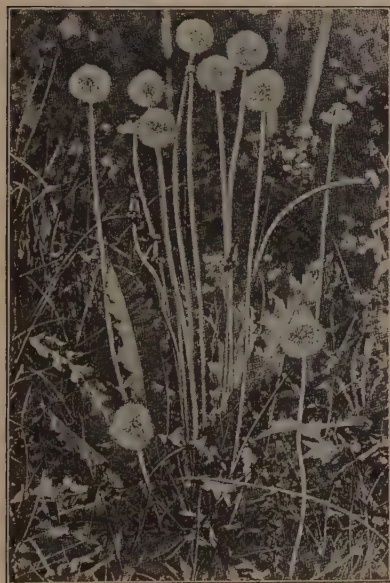
Sometimes, kind people give Harry a nickel for a one-cent paper and say, "Keep the change." Harry's eyes shine with joy then. He calls this his "extra" money.

There is a little bank at home where he keeps it, and when he has saved a dollar, he wants to buy a pair of shoes for the baby.

Let us hope that many people will say, "Keep the change," so that unselfish little Harry may soon realize his wish.

DANDELION

There's a dandy little fellow,
Who dresses all in yellow, —
In yellow, with an overcoat of green ;



With his hair all crisp
and curly,
In the springtime
bright and early,
A-tripping o'er the
meadow he is seen.
Through all the bright
June weather,
Like a jolly little
tramp,
He wanders o'er the
hillside, down the
road ;

Around his yellow feather
The gipsy glowworms camp ;
His companions are the skylark and the toad.
Spick and spandy, little dandy,
Golden dancer in the dell !

Green and yellow, happy fellow,
All the children love him well!
But at last, this little fellow
Doffs his dandy coat of yellow,
And very feebly totters o'er the green;
For he very old is growing,
And, with hair all white and flowing,
A-nodding in the sunlight he is seen.
The little winds of morning
Come a-flying through the grass,
And clap their hands around him in their glee;
They shake him without warning —
His wig falls off, alas!
And a little baldhead dandy now is he.
Oh, poor dandy, once so spandy,
Golden dancer on the lea!
Older growing, white hair flowing,
Poor little baldhead dandy now is he!

N. M. GARABRANT.

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THÉOPHILE AND HIS HORSES; JANE, BETSY, AND BLANCHE

Théophile Gautier, the French author, wrote a great many books, which are all delightful to read, and everybody bought them, and Théophile got



rich and thought he might give himself a little carriage with two horses to draw it.

And first he fell in love with two dear little Shetland ponies who were so shaggy and hairy that they seemed all mane and tail, and whose

eyes looked so affectionately at him, that he felt as if he would like to bring them into the drawing-room instead of sending them to the stable. They were charming little creatures, not a bit shy, and they would come and poke their noses into Théophile's pockets in search of sugar, which was always there.

Indeed, their only fault was that they were so very, very small, and that, after all, was not their fault. Still, they looked more suited to an English child of eight years old, or to Tom Thumb, than to a French gentleman of forty, not so thin as he once was; and as they all passed through the streets, everybody laughed, and drew pictures of them, and declared that Théophile could easily have carried a pony on each arm, and the carriage on his back.

Now Théophile did not mind being laughed at, but still he did not always want to be stared at all through the streets, whenever he went out. So he sold his ponies and began to look out for something nearer his own size. After a short search, he found two beautiful horses, stout and strong,

and as like each other as two peas, and he called them Jane and Betsy.

But although, to look at, no one could ever tell one from the other, their characters were totally different, as Jane was very bold and spirited, and Betsy was terribly lazy. While Jane did all the pulling, Betsy was quite contented just to run by her side, without troubling herself in the least, and, as was only natural, Jane did not think this at all fair, and took a great dislike to Betsy, which Betsy heartily returned.

At last, matters became so bad, that in their efforts to get at each other, they half kicked the stable to pieces, and would even rear themselves upon their hind legs in order to bite each other's faces.

Théophile did all he could to make them friends, but nothing was of any use, and at last he was forced to sell Betsy. The horse he found to replace her was a shade lighter in color, and therefore not quite so good a match, but luckily, Jane took to her at once, and lost no time in doing the honors of the stable.

Every day the affection between the two became greater; Jane would lay her head on Blanche's shoulder, and when they were turned out into the stable yard, after being rubbed down, they played together like two kittens. If one was taken out alone, the other became sad and gloomy till the well-known tread of its friend's hoofs was heard from afar, when it would give a joyful neigh, which was instantly answered.

Never once was it necessary for the coachman to complain of any difficulty in harnessing them. They walked themselves into their proper places, and behaved in all ways as if they were well brought up and ready to be friendly with everybody. They had all kinds of pretty little ways, and if they thought there was a chance of getting bread or sugar or melon rind, which they both loved, they would make themselves as caressing as a dog.

Nobody who has lived much with animals can doubt that they talk together in a language that man is too stupid to understand; or, if any one had doubted it, he would soon have been convinced

of the fact by the conduct of Jane and Blanche when in harness.

When Jane first made Blanche's acquaintance, she was afraid of nothing, but after they had been together a few months, her character gradually changed, and she had sudden panics and nervous fits, which puzzled her master greatly. The reason of this was that Blanche, who was very timid and easily frightened, passed most of the night in telling Jane ghost stories, till poor Jane learned to tremble at every sound.

Often, when they were driving in the lonely streets after dark, Blanche would come to a dead stop or shy to one side as if a ghost, which no one else could see, stood before her. She breathed loudly, trembled all over with fear, and broke out into a cold perspiration. No efforts of Jane, strong though she was, could drag her along. The only way to move her was for the coachman to dismount, and to lead her, for a few steps, with his hand over her eyes, till the vision seemed to have melted into air.

In the end, these terrors affected Jane just as

if Blanche, on reaching the stable, had told her some terrible story of what she had seen. Even her master had been known to confess that when, driving by moonlight down some dark road, where the trees cast strange shadows, Blanche would suddenly come to a dead halt and begin to tremble; he did not half like it himself.

With this one drawback, never were animals so charming to drive. If Théophile held the reins, it was really only for the look of the thing, and not in



Courtesy of "Our Dumb Animals."

the least because it was necessary. The smallest click of the tongue was enough to direct them, to quicken them, to make them go to the right or to the left, or even to stop them. They were so clever that in a very short time they had learned all their master's habits, and knew his daily haunts as well as he did himself.

They would go of their own accord to the newspaper office, to the printing office, and to the publisher's so very punctually that it was quite provoking; and if it ever happened that Théophile spent longer than usual at any particular place, they never failed to call his attention by loud neighs, or by pawing the ground, sounds of which he quite well knew the meaning.

But alas, the time came when a revolution broke out in Paris. People had no time to buy books or to read them; they were far too busy in building barricades across the streets, or in tearing up the paving stones to throw at each other.

The newspaper in which Théophile wrote, and which paid him enough money to keep his horses, did not appear any more, and, sad though he was

at parting, the poor man thought he was lucky to find some one to buy horses, carriage, and harness for a fourth part of their worth. Tears stood in his eyes as they were led away to their new stable ; but he never forgot them, and they never forgot him. Sometimes, as he sat writing at his table, he would hear from afar a light quick step, and then a sudden stop under the windows.

And their old master would look up and sigh and say to himself, “ Poor Jane, poor Blanche, I hope they are happy ! ”

ANDREW LANG.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine
sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee ;
He worked and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he ;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be :
“ I envy nobody ; no, not I,
And nobody envies me ! ”

“ Thou’rt wrong, my friend, ” said old King Hal,
“ As wrong as wrong can be ;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I’d gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I’m the king,
Beside the river Dee. ”

The miller smiled, and doffed his cap.
“ I can earn my bread, ” quoth he ;
“ I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three ;

I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

" Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
" Farewell! and happy be ;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee ;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee !"

CHARLES MACKAY.

I love Freedom better than slavery, I will
speak her words ; I will listen to her music ; I
will stand beneath her flag ; I will fight in her
ranks ; and when I do so, I shall find myself sur-
rounded by the great, the wise, the good, the brave,
the noble, of every land.

E. D. BAKER.

A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY

Greenville, Vermont,

May 29, 1912.

Dear May:

Grandma wants me to write to tell you how pretty it is here now, and how much we should like to have you with us.

Perhaps you can come to Vermont after school is over.

You know we live on a big farm in the country. It is very quiet and I am afraid that you would miss the noise and excitement of the city. There are no big buildings or trolley cars here, but we have beautiful trees and flowers. Our vegetable garden will be pretty, too. Grandpa has planted potatoes, tomatoes, beans, peas, lettuce, radishes, parsley, celery, and corn.

Just now the apple trees are in bloom. Have you ever seen a whole orchard of trees covered with pink and white blooms? They smell very sweet!

We have fields that will soon be full of buttercups, daisies, and clover. Bessie, our cow, loves

to eat the clover. Grandpa says that it makes the milk sweeter.

I have ten dear little chickens that have just been hatched. Six are yellow, and four are brown. I feed them myself; and they are fast learning to



know my step and to answer to my call. We have two cows, a horse, and a large flock of sheep.

There is a big swing in the barn. Would you like to help tramp the hay in July? It is great fun! On rainy days we could play in the attic and dress up in grandma's clothes.

If you come, I will meet you at the station with
“ Old Gray ” and drive you home myself.

Write soon and tell me that you are surely
coming. Grandpa and grandma send much love
to you all.

Your loving cousin,
EDITH.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

KEEPING THE STREETS CLEAN

Did you ever see men dressed in white, cleaning the dirt from the city streets?

If it were not for these men, our streets would be so dirty that we should not want to walk on



them. They would be unhealthful, too, for, as your teacher has probably told you many times, wherever there is dirt, little disease germs live. It is

these germs which cause children to have diphtheria, scarlet fever, and many other dreadful diseases. Wouldn't you like to know how the street cleaners work? Let us put on our magic caps and fly to a busy street in New York.

It is a night in November, and the city streets are dark and still. The air feels frosty. From a clock in a tall steeple, there come three long, slow strokes. A sweeper, busily gathering up the dirt,

looks up for a moment and then along the avenue that stretches away from him like a silent river. On either side it is shut in by buildings which seem as fast asleep as the people within their dark walls. Around the curbs are double rows of twinkling street lamps.

All is very still around our sweeper, but he is not lonely. Near at hand are other sweepers, each busy with his work. The policeman, who has charge of the street, stops to speak a word, and then passes on into the quiet night. Our man pushes his little cart further, stopping as he goes to gather the dirt and papers and drop them into his can. He likes his task. He is an honest man, and takes pride in doing his work well. When he has swept part of the street, he likes to look back over it and see it as clean and spotless as a new board.

“Nothing to be ashamed of there, I think,” he says to himself. Then he turns to his sweeping again, gathering every bit of dirt, every scrap of paper. His orders are to clean the street, and since that means to clear it of dirt, he will not let

the dirt get the better of him. To-night there is plenty of dirt waiting for him. It is Election time and there have been many bonfires. Wood and burned straw lie scattered over the street, and heaps of ashes hide the dull, red glow of fires still burning.

As he stamps out the last sparks, he wonders whether the boys who found the bonfires such fun, gave a single thought to the men whose business it is to clean the streets, and whose work has been made so much harder. As he shovels the dirt into his can, he shakes his head at the burned places on the pavement.

"I wish that all the children in the city would sign a pledge, promising to do their best to keep the streets clean," he murmurs.

Have you ever heard the pledge which the street cleaner wished that all the children would sign?

Here it is :

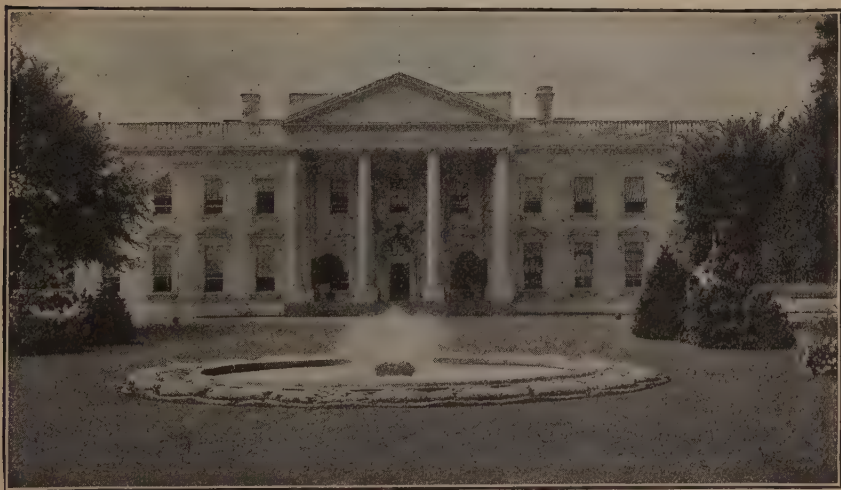
PLEDGE

"We, who are soon to be citizens of New York, the largest city in America, want her to have a

name that is above reproach. We therefore agree to keep from littering her streets, and, as far as possible, stop others from doing so, in order that our city may be as clean as she is great, and as pure as she is free."

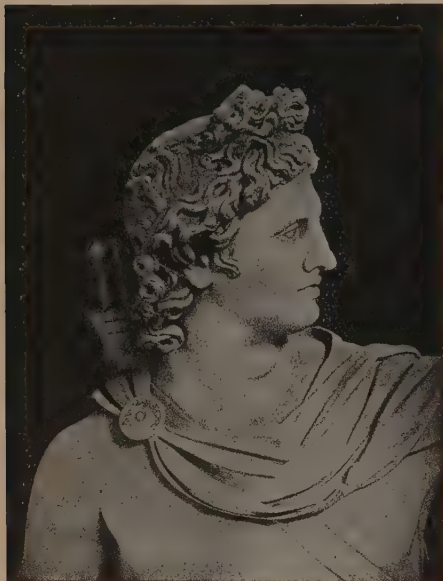
Adapted from
JULIA RICHMAN and ISABEL WALLACH.

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APOLLO AND HYACINTHUS

Apollo, the Roman god of beauty, was very fond of a youth named Hyacinthus. He played



many games with him, carried the nets when he went fishing, led the dogs when he went to hunt, and followed him in his travels over the mountains.

One day they played a game of quoits together, and Apollo, throwing the discus with much strength and skill, sent it high and far.

Hyacinthus watched it as it flew, and excited with the sport, ran forward to seize it, when the quoit bounded from the earth and struck him in the forehead. He fainted and fell to the ground.

The god, pale with fear, raised him and tried with

all his art to stop the bleeding of the wound, but all in vain ; the hurt was past the powers of medicine.

As, when one has broken the stem of a lily in the garden, it hangs its head and turns its flowers to the earth, so the head of the dying boy, as if too heavy for his neck, fell over on his shoulder.

“Thou diest, Hyacinthus,” said Apollo, “robbed of thy youth by me. Oh ! if I could but die for thee ! But since that may not be, thou shalt live with me in memory and in song. My song shall tell thy sad story, and thou shalt become a flower and on thee shall be marked my sorrow.”

While Apollo spoke, behold the blood that had flowed on the ground and stained the grass, was no longer blood. In its place, a flower sprang up, a beautiful purple flower!

And this was not enough for Apollo to do ; but to give still greater honor, he marked the petals with his sorrow, and wrote “ Ah ! ah ! ” upon them, as we see to this day.

The flower's name is “Hyacinth,” and with every returning spring, it brings back the memory of the sad story of Hyacinthus.

MARGARET

New Orleans is the largest city in the southern part of our country. There, one may see many fine statues which have been erected in honor of brave soldiers and brilliant statesmen.



But the most wonderful statue of all is the statue of a woman, the first statue of a woman to be erected in this whole big country of ours.

This woman's name was Margaret Haughery,

but she was so dear to people that she was known to young and old by her first name only. She was "Margaret" to all, and if you ever go to New Orleans, you will find inscribed on the base of her statue, simply "Margaret."

Such a wonderful statue, too, of a woman seated in a low chair and with her arms about a little child who looks up at her trustingly and lovingly — just as you look at your mother.

The woman is poorly dressed. She wears a simple calico gown and a shawl. Her shoes are large and heavy. Her face is not beautiful, but it has a noble, kind expression.

And now let us hear the story of Margaret and how it happened that she was the first woman in the country to have a statue erected in her honor.

When Margaret was a little girl, her mother and father died leaving her alone and very poor, in Baltimore, a Southern city. However, a woman adopted her and treated her very kindly.

When Margaret was old enough to work, she took a position as waitress in a hotel in Baltimore. She had to work hard, but she was always kind and

pleasant, and her employers learned to know her as an honest, faithful girl who could always be trusted.

Not long afterwards Margaret married and went to live in New Orleans, where a little baby was born to her. But very soon her husband died, and a little later the baby died, and there she was all alone again !

But she did not despair. Instead, she determined to give her life to making poor little children happier.

All day she worked at ironing clothes in a hot, uncomfortable laundry. It was not pleasant work, but Margaret remembered the friendless little ones, and toiled on cheerfully.

And now let us see just how this poor, hard-working woman became the little children's friend. At this time a terrible fever struck the city. Many fathers and mothers died, leaving children with no one to care for them. Margaret knew what it was to be an orphan. Here was her chance to help the little homeless ones.

She went to the people who had charge of the orphan asylums, and gave them the money which she

had been saving from her wages at the laundry. It was not very much, but it helped to feed some little mouths that otherwise would have gone hungry.

Then Margaret bought some cows and began to take milk around to customers every morning. She took some to the orphaned children, too. If it had not been for her, many of them would have starved.

And now it appeared that Margaret was clever at business. She knew how to make money. Each year, she earned more and more, until finally she was able to buy a large house just for little children who had lost their fathers and mothers, and had nobody to care for them.

She bought a little bakery, and grew more and more prosperous. Always she remembered the poor and the sick, and they blessed her and called her their best friend.

When the great war came, she did not forget the sick and wounded soldiers. She seemed to have enough for them as well as for her babies.

When the war was over, she built a large bakery. Here many hundreds of loaves of bread were made each day. Margaret was a rich woman,

now. But you would never have known it had you seen her. She still wore a calico dress and a little shawl. You see, she did not care for fine clothes and beautiful jewels. She only cared that every little child who had no home received one in her asylum, and that every sick and suffering person was helped.

Do you wonder that everybody in the city knew Margaret and loved her?

Then, one day, Margaret died. When her will was read, they found that she had left a great deal of money, and that every cent of this money had been given to the orphan asylums of New Orleans.

All the people mourned for Margaret. She had been a mother to the orphan, a friend to the poor, and had lived a great and noble life.

In order to remember her, they made a statue of her just as she always looked in the simple calico dress and shawl, and with her arms about a little child.

Dear children, if you ever visit New Orleans, go to see the most beautiful sight in the whole city — the statue of Margaret.



RALPH'S SAIL DOWN THE HARBOR

Ralph was seven years old and lived in the country far from the ocean. He had seen a sailboat, but never a motor boat or a steamer. He had seen pictures of the ocean and heard many stories about it.

At one time, Ralph's mamma had lived near the salt water and she had often told him about it. But the little boy longed to see it. "I do wish that I could see the ocean," he would say.

Mamma always answered, "Wait, dear, perhaps you may be surprised some day."

Not long afterwards, on the twenty-second day of June, Ralph had his eighth birthday. His Uncle Tom always came to see him on his birthday. Each year he had brought his nephew a fine present from the city. But this time he brought no gift to

Ralph. Of course the little boy was disappointed, but he was far too polite to say, "Why have you not given me a present?"

But on the piazza, after luncheon, Uncle Tom said, "I have a different kind of present for you this year, Ralph. To-morrow we shall take the train to the city. There we shall go on board a steamer and take a sail down the harbor."

Oh! wasn't Ralph happy! "It is the best present I ever heard of," he said. "I can hardly wait for to-morrow to come!"

The next day was a beautiful one. Early in the morning mamma drove Ralph and Uncle Tom to the station in time to take the train for the city. There was a lump in the little boy's throat as he kissed his mother good-by. But he held his head high and waved his hand bravely as the train pulled out.

It seemed but a short time before the great busy city was reached. "Now we will have lunch," said Uncle Tom.

Lunch was eaten in the big station-restaurant; and after a short ride in an electric car, Ralph

found himself on board a steamer going down the harbor. How delighted he was! The big white ship seemed as strong and free as some big bird.

“Look! Uncle Tom,” he cried, “what kind of boat is that? It seems to be a big barn with both doors open.” “That is a ferry-boat,” said Uncle Tom. “See how crowded she is. Most of the people on board went to their work early and they are now returning to their homes.”

“There goes a big steamer,” said Ralph. “Where is she going?”

“She is going to Europe. It will take her six or seven days,” answered his uncle.

There were a great many people on the huge steamer. They looked very happy. A number of them waved their hands and handkerchiefs to passengers on other boats.

There were numerous steamers in the harbor. On one, a band was playing. Ralph thought the best of all was the *Floating Hospital*—a big boat that steamed slowly along, carrying on board many little sick babies, as well as the kind

nurses and doctors who cared for them. Uncle Tom told him that tender-hearted people gave money in order to provide a steamer for the poor little ones who were suffering in the heat of the city.

There were tugboats, puffing steam and blowing their whistles. They made Ralph think of a



little poodle barking crossly. Then there were a great number of sailing-vessels,—small and large yachts, and big schooners. There were little row-boats and motor boats, too. Ralph enjoyed watching the motor boats moving swiftly through the water with a merry “chug-chug.”

Far off, he saw a man sitting in a boat, fishing.

“Watch sharply,” said Uncle Tom, “and perhaps you will see him pull in a fish.” Sure enough, in a moment the man stood up and pulled hard on his line. “Oh!” shouted Ralph, “what a big fish he has caught! It is the largest one that I ever saw.”

“It is a cod,” said his uncle.

Ralph’s attention was next attracted by a flock of birds that were flying after the steamer.

“They are gulls,” his uncle told him, “that are following the steamer to get food. When bits of food are thrown overboard, these gulls will fly down and eat. Often they follow steamers far out to sea.”

Ralph was sorry to hear that it was now time to land. “I don’t want to go on shore,” he said; “it has been such a beautiful trip.”

Uncle Tom smiled. “I should like to read a letter that a certain boy, whom I know, is going to write home to-night,” he said.

“I shall certainly have a great deal to tell,” sighed Ralph happily.

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

Dark brown is the river,
 Golden is the sand,
It flows along for ever,
 With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
 Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
 Where will all come home?

On goes the river
 And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
 Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
 A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
 Shall bring my boats ashore.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE FIREWORKS *

Once upon a time a little girl went to see the fireworks on Boston Common. She was a very small girl, but she wanted to go just as much as if she had been big; so her mother said that she might go with Mary, the nurse. She put on her best bonnet, and her pink frock, and off they went.

The Common was crowded with people, and in one part there was a dense throng, all standing together, and all looking in one direction. "We must stand there, too," said Mary; "there's where the fireworks are going to be."

So they went and stood in the big crowd; and the little girl saw the back of a fat woman in a red plaid shawl, but she could see nothing else. Oh, yes! she saw the legs of the tall man who stood next to the fat woman, but they were not very interesting, being clad in a common sort of dark plaid; the shawl, at least, was bright and she could tell the different colors by the electric light.

* Copyright, 1895, Estes and Lauriat.

Now there was a movement in the crowd, and people cried, "Oh! oh! look at that! Isn't that a beauty?" And they clapped their hands and shouted; but the little girl saw only the plaid shawl and the uninteresting legs of the tall man.

The people pressed closer and closer, so that she could hardly breathe. She held tight to Mary's hand, and Mary thought she was squeezing it for pleasure, and said, "Yes, dear! aren't they lovely?" The little girl tried to say, "I can see nothing but the plaid shawl!" but just then the tall man turned around, and looked down at her and said, "Bless me! here's a little girl right under my feet. Can you see anything, my dear?"

"Nothing but the red shawl and the back of your legs," said the little girl, sadly.

"Hi, then!" said the tall man; "up with you!" And before the child could say a word he had taken her two hands and lifted her lightly to his shoulder.

"Put your arm around my neck," said the tall man. "I had a little girl once, just like you, and I know how to hold you. So, now you are all right!"

“Thank the kind gentleman, dear!” said Mary.
“I’m sure it’s very good of him.”

The little girl was too shy to speak, but she patted the tall man’s neck, and he understood as well as if she had spoken. Now she saw wonderful sights indeed! Fiery serpents went up into the sky, wriggling and hissing, dragging long tails of yellow flame behind them.

Colored stars, red, blue, and green, shot up in the air, hung for an instant, and then burst into showers of rainbow light. There were golden pigeons, and golden flower-pots, and splendid wheels that went whirling around so fast it made the little girl dizzy to look at them. The child gazed and gazed, breathless with delight.

Sometimes she forgot where she was, and thought this was fairy-land, all full of golden dragons and fluttering elves, as the story-books described it; but if she chanced to look down, there was Mary, and the kind face of the tall man, and the red shawl of the fat woman.

By and by came a great burst of light, and in the midst of crimson flames she saw the Goddess

of Liberty, standing on a golden ball, waving the starry flag in her hand; thousands of stars shot up, blazed and burst; loud noises were heard, like cannon shots; then, suddenly, darkness fell, and all was over.

The crowd began to disperse.

“Now, little one,” said the tall man, “you have seen all there is to see.” And he made a motion to put her down; but the little girl clung tightly to his neck.

“Did your little girl ever kiss you?” she whispered in his ear.

“Bless your little heart!” said the man, “she did, indeed; but it’s long since I’ve had a little girl to kiss me.”

The child bent down and kissed him heartily on the cheek. “If it hadn’t been for you,” she cried, “I should have seen nothing at all except the plaid shawl. I think you are the kindest man that ever lived, and I love you very much.” And then she slipped down, and, taking her nurse’s hand, ran away home as fast as she could.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BENJY IN BEASTLAND

PART I

A BAD BOY

Benjy was a bad boy. His name was Benjamin, but he was always called Benjy.

Benjy's worst fault was cruelty to animals. He was not merely cruel with the thoughtless cruelty of childhood. He had that taste for torture, that pleasure in other creatures' pain, which seem to be born with some boys.

Benjy was one of three children, and the only boy. He had two little sisters, but they were younger than himself, and he held them in great contempt. They were nice, merry little things, and many boys would have found them fun enough, at any rate for the holidays. But Benjy, as I have said, liked low company, and a boy with a taste for low company seldom cares for the society of his sisters. Benjy thought games stupid; he never touched his garden; and as to history, or reading, such matters were not at all in Benjy's line.

But he was proud of being friends with Tom, the coachman's son—a coarse, cruel lad, whose ideas of “fun” Benjy unfortunately made his own. With him he went to see pigs killed, helped to drown pups and kittens, and became learned in dog-fights, cockfights, rat-hunting, cat-hunting, and so forth.

Truly, Benjy had little in common with those fair, grey-eyed, little maidens, his sisters. As one of them said, “Benjy does not care for us, you know, because we are only girls. So we have taken Nox for our brother.”

PART II

NOX,

so called because he was “as black as night,” was a big, curly dog, partly retriever and partly of Newfoundland breed. He was altogether black, except for his paws, which were brown, and for a grey spot under his tail. Now, as the grey-eyed, gentle little sisters chose him for their brother in the place of Benjy, it is but fair to compare the two.

Benjy, to look at, was smudgy and slovenly, and not at all handsome, for he hated tubs, and brushes, and soap, and cold water, and he liked to lie late in the morning, and then was apt to shuffle



on his clothes and come down after having forgotten to brush his teeth, and with his hair still rough from tossing in bed.

Nox rose early, delighted in cold water, and had teeth like ivory and hair as glossy as a raven's wing; his face beamed with intelligence and trust-

fulness, and his clear, brown eyes looked straight into yours when you spoke to him, as if he would say, "Let my eyes speak for me, if you please; I have not the pleasure of understanding your language."

Benjy's shirt-front was untidy and spotted with dirt.

The covering on Nox's broad chest was always glossy and in good order.

Benjy came into the drawing-room with muddy boots and dirty hands.

Nox, if he had been out in the mud, would lie down on his return and lick his broad, soft, paws, like a cat, till they were clean.

It has been said that Benjy did not care for the society of girls; but when Nox was petted by his lady-sisters he put his head on their shoulders, and licked their faces with his big, red tongue (which was his way of kissing). And he would put up his brown feet and shake paws over and over again, pressing tightly with his strong toes, but never hurting the little girls' hands.

Benjy *destroyed* lives with *cruelty*.

Nox had *saved* lives at the *risk of his own*.

Near the dog's home ran a broad, deep river. Here one could bathe and swim most delightfully. Here also many an unfortunate animal, through the cruelty of Benjy, found a watery grave. There was one place from which (the water being deep and the bank convenient at this spot) the poor wretches were generally thrown. A good deal of refuse and worn-out articles of various sorts also got flung in here, for at this point the river skirted the back part of the town.

Here at early morning Nox would come, saying to himself, "Whatever does not properly or naturally belong to the water should be fetched out."

PART III

MR. ROUGH

was another dog belonging to Benjy's father, and usually regarded as the property of Benjy himself. He was a wiry-haired terrier, with clipped ears and tail, and a chain collar that jingled as he trotted about on his bent legs. He was of a grizzled brown color, excepting his shirt-front,

which was white, and his toe-tips, which were like the light-colored toes of woolen socks. His eyes had been scratched by cats—though not quite out—and his lean little body bore marks of all kinds of rough usage.

If Benjy had a kind feeling for any animal, it was for Mr. Rough, though it might more truly be called admiration. And yet he treated him worse than Nox, for whom he had a great dislike. But Nox was a large dog, and was to be feared. So Benjy was afraid of him and hated him doubly.

Next to an animal too strong to be ill-used at all, Benjy disliked an animal too weak to be ill-used much or long. Now as to Mr. Rough, there was no saying what he had not borne, and would not bear. He seemed to grow leaner, tougher, more scarred, more grizzled, and more “game” as time went on.

And so there grew up in Benjy an admiration for his powers of endurance which almost amounted to regard.

PART IV

MORE MISCHIEF

Benjy had a bad fit on him. He was in a mood for mischief. He even tried to play a trick on Nox. Thus :

Nox was a comfort-loving old fellow, and after a good deal of exercise in the fresh air he thoroughly enjoyed the drowsy effect of a good meal, a warm room, and a comfortable hearth-rug.

In his most comfortable moments he would roll on to his back, and, stretching his neck and his four legs to the uttermost, would abandon himself to sleep and enjoyment.

It was one of these occasions which Benjy chose for teasing poor Nox. As he sat near him he kept lightly pricking his sensitive lips with a fine needle. Nox would half wake, shake his head, rub his lips with his paw in great disgust, and finally drop off again.

When he was fairly asleep, Benjy began again, for he did dearly love to tease and torment, and this evening he was in a restless, mischievous mood. At last one prick was a little too severe ;

Nox jumped up with a start, and the needle went deeply in, the top breaking off with a jerk, but the remainder was fast in the flesh, where his little sisters discovered it.

Oh ! how they wept for the sufferings of their pet ! They were not afraid of Nox, and did not fear the powerful mouth whose sharp teeth had so often pretended to bite their hands. At last, the braver of the two held his lips and extracted the needle, while the other wiped the tears from her sister's eyes that she might see what she was about. Nox himself sat still and moaned faintly, and wagged his tail very feebly ; but when the operation was over, he fairly knocked the little sisters down in his gratitude, and licked their faces till he was out of breath.

Then he talked to himself for a full half hour about the injury, and wondered who could have been the culprit.

Later he fell asleep and dreamed of his enemy, and growled at him.

But Benjy went out and threw a stick at Mr. Rough. And when the dog caught it, he swung

him by it violently round and round. But Mr. Rough's teeth were beginning to be the worse for wear, and at the fifth round he lost his hold. For the first time he "feared his fate," and took to his heels.

Benjy could not find him, but he found Tom, who was chasing a Scotch terrier with stones. So Benjy joined the sport, which would have been very good fun, but that one of the stones hit the poor beast on the head, and killed him.

PART V

THE MOON

Benjy went to bed, but he could not sleep. He wished he had not put that dog in the river—it would get him into a scrape. Benjy could not trust himself to get up early in the morning, but decided that he would go out that night,—with a hayfork,—get the body out of the water, and hide or bury it.

When Benjy came to the river-side and looked up into the willow, the moon was looking down at him through the forked limbs of the tree, and

it looked so large and so near that Benjy thought that if he were sitting upon a certain branch he could touch it with his hand.

Then he thought of a book, which had been his mother's and now belonged to his sisters, in which it was said that dogs went to the moon after their life on earth was over.

"It would be odd if the one we killed last night were up there now," said Benjy to himself. And he fancied that, as he said it, the man in the moon winked at him.

"I wonder if it is really true," said Benjy, aloud.

"Not exactly," said the man in the moon, "but something like it. This is Beastland. Won't you come up?"

"Well, I never did!" cried Benjy.

"Oh, yes, you have," said the man in the moon. "Now, are you coming up? But perhaps you can't climb."

"Can't I?" said Benjy, and in three minutes he was on the branch, and close to the moon. The higher he climbed the larger the moon looked,

till it was like the biggest disc of light ever thrown by a magic lantern, and when he was fairly seated on the branch close by, he could see nothing but a blaze of white light all around him.

“Walk boldly in,” he heard the man in the moon say. “Put out your feet, and don’t be afraid; it’s not so bright inside.” So Benjy put his feet down, and dropped, and thought he was certainly falling into the river. But he only fell upon his feet, and found himself in Beastland. It was an odd place, truly!

There sat at the door of Beastland a black dog, the very black dog who gets on to sulky children’s backs. And on the black dog sat a crow.

Oh! Beastland was a beautiful place. There were many more beasts than there are in the Zoölogical Gardens.

If by chance there was any quarrelling, the man in the moon would cry, “Manners!” and all was quiet at once.

The beasts came in crowds and welcomed Benjy, each after his own fashion. The cats

rubbed their heads against his legs and held their tails erect. The dogs wagged theirs, and barked and capered around him; except one French poodle, who "sat up" during the whole visit, as an act of politeness.

The little birds sang and chirruped. The pigeons sat on his shoulders and cooed; two little swallows clung to the eaves of his hat, and twitched their tails, and said, "Kiwit! kiwit!" A flock of rose-colored cockatoos brought up the rear. Presently a wise and solemn old elephant came and knelt before Benjy; and Benjy got on to his back and rode in triumph, the other beasts following.

But soon it was whispered, first to one animal and then to another, who and what Benjy was. The effect was magical. "Scandalous!" cried all the beasts; "the monster!" An old tabby cat puffed out her tail, and ran up a tree. "Boy!" she exclaimed, in a tone of the deepest disgust; for in Beastland they say "boy" as a term of reproach where we should say "beast."

With one voice the beasts shouted: "Punishment! Punishment! Bring him to the lion!" And

to the lion he was brought, the beasts still crying, "Punishment! Punishment!"

"I'll punish him!" cried a donkey, who trotted up on hearing of the matter. "Let me get a lump of cold iron between his teeth, and tug and jerk it against the corners of his mouth. Let me pull in and flog at the same moment. Let me knock him over the head, and kick him in the ribs, and thwack his back, and prod his side; and I'll soon make him run, and take his nasty temper out of him, and teach him to carry any weight, and go gaily in harness."

"Gently, gently, my friend," said the lion. "You speak under a very natural feeling of irritation; but if I am to be judge of this case, the prisoner must have fair play."

Accordingly the beasts placed themselves in a sort of circle, Benjy being put in the middle; and a bullfrog who lived in a ditch hard by was appointed to watch the case on his behalf. The bullfrog had big, watchful eyes. As the case proceeded, he occasionally said, "Omph!" which sounded thoughtful.

“What is the prisoner accused of?” asked the lion.

“He ill-uses and drowns dogs, also hunts and kills cats,” cried all the beasts together.

“Rough kills the cats,” interrupted Benjy, for he was becoming alarmed.

“Omph!” said the bullfrog.

“Send for Mr. Rough,” said the lion; and a messenger was despatched.

“Cock-a-doodle-doo! Flap, flap! send for more while you are about it,” cried a handsome gamecock, strutting into their midst. “Cock-a-doodle-doo! when I crow, let no other cock open his beak. There’s a nice, cockfighting, good-for-nothing young scapegrace! I know a rooster of the same breed down yonder: his name is Tom. Let him be fetched up, and we will fasten spurs onto their heels, and set them to kick each other, and tear each other’s eyes out. It will be rare sport, and sport is a noble taste, and should be encouraged. Flap, flap! cock-a-doodle-doo!”

In a few moments Mr. Rough trotted into the circle, with his clipped ears and his stumpy tail erect.

“Mr. Rough,” said the lion; “the prisoner says it is you and not he who torments the cats.”

“Bowf, bowf, bowf!” replied the terrier, jumping wildly about in his stocking feet. “Whose fault is it? Wowf, wowf, wowf! who taught me to do it? Bowf, wowf! that bad boy there. Rowf, rowf! let me get hold of him by the small of the back, and I’ll shake him as I would a rat. Rowf, rowf, bowf!”

“Manners!” cried the man in the moon, and there was silence at once.

“Gentle beasts,” said the lion, “I consider it unnecessary to hear more evidence against the prisoner, especially as no attempt is made to deny the cruelties. There are not two opinions as to his guilt; the only question is that of punishment. As you have placed the matter in my hands, I will beg you to wait until I have taken three turns and given the subject my serious consideration.”

But instead of three turns, the lion took seven, pacing majestically up and down, and now and then lashing his tail. At last he resumed his

seat ; the bullfrog put his green head up again, and the lion gave judgment.

“ Gentle beasts, birds, and fishes, I have given this subject my most serious consideration, and I trust that my decision will not give offence.

My friends, we are beasts, remember — not boys. We have our own ideas of chase and sport, like men ; but cruelty is not one of our sins. Gentle beasts, we cannot treat this boy as he has treated us ; but he is unworthy of our society, and I condemn him to be expelled. Some of our dog-friends have taken refuge here with tin kettles at their tails. Let one of these be fastened to Benjy, and let him be chased from Beastland.”

This was no sooner said than done. And with an old tin pan cutting his heels at every step, Benjy was hunted from the moon. The lion gave one terrific roar as the signal for starting, and all the beasts, with Mr. Rough at their head, gave chase.

Benjy ran and ran till he got to the end of the moon and jumped off, Mr. Rough after him. Down, down they went through space ; past the

Great Bear (where are all the ghosts of the big wild beasts); past the Little Bear (where are the ghosts of all the small wild beasts); close by the Dog Star, where good dogs go when they die.

Down, down they went, on, on! How far and long it seemed! And now it was no longer night but morning, and the sun shone, and still they went on, on, down, down, Benjy crying, "Oh! oh!" and Rough and his chain collar going "Bowf, wowf, jingle, jingle," till they came close above the river, and before Benjy could give an extra shriek, the two went floundering into the water.

Rough soon swam ashore, but Benjy could not swim, and the water sucked him down as it had sucked many a dog in that very spot. Then Benjy choked, and gasped, and struggled, as his victims had so often choked, and gasped, and struggled under his eyes. Then he grasped at something that floated by, but it gave him no help, for it was a dead dog—the one that he had thrown into the river the evening before.

Horror chilled him more than the cold water had done, as he thought that now he himself must

be drowned. And a crow on a tree hard by cried, "Serves him right! serves him right!" while the frogs on the river's brink sat staring at the crushed bodies of their relatives, and croaked, "Stone him! stone him!"

Meanwhile some one on the bank was giving short barks, like guns of distress, that had quite a different meaning.

And then Benjy sank; and as he went down, the remembrance of all his cruelties rushed over his mind, as the water rushed over his body. All, from the first bumble-bee he had tortured to the needle in Nox's lip, came together in one hideous crowd to his remembrance, till his soul sickened, and he hated himself.

And now he rose again for a moment to the surface, and caught a breath of air, and saw the blue sky; and he fancied that he saw the beautiful black head of Nox also in the water, and found himself saying in his heart, "No, no! thank God, I didn't kill *him*."

And then he sank again. And he thought of his home, and his father and mother, and the little sisters whom he had teased; and how he

had got them into scrapes, and killed their pets, and laughed at their tears. And he remembered how they had come to meet him last midsummer holidays, with flowers in their hats, and flowers around the donkey's ears; and how he had prodded poor Neddy, the donkey, with a stick.

And then he rose again, and there was the noble head of Nox not three feet from him. He could see the clear brown eyes fixed eagerly upon him, and he thought, "He is coming to revenge himself on me." But he did not mind, for he was almost past feeling any new pain. Only he gave one longing, wistful look toward the home that had been his. And as he looked, a lark rose and went up into the sky. And as the lark went up, up, Benjy went down, down.

The lark was almost out of sight; but close to Benjy's face was a soft, black nose, and large, brown eyes met his with an expression neither revengeful nor affectionate. It was business-like, earnest, and somewhat eager and proud. And then the soft, sensitive mouth he had wounded seized Benjy with a hold as firm and as gentle as

if he had been a water-fowl; and Nox paddled himself around with his broad, brown paws, and made gallantly for the shore.

Benjy was much heavier than a dead cat, and the big brave beast had hard work of it; so that by the time he had dragged the body to land, Nox was too far spent to toss his head and carry his prize about as usual. He dropped Benjy, and lay down by him, with one paw on the body.

But when he had rested, he took up Benjy in his mouth, and trotted with his burden to the willow tree, where he laid Benjy down.

After which he shook himself, and went home to breakfast.

PART VI

WHAT BECAME OF BENJY

Benjy was duly found under the willow tree, and taken home. For a long time he was very ill, though at last he recovered; and I am bound to state that some of his relatives believe that he fell from the willow tree into the water, and that his visit to the moon is a fanciful story woven during illness by his fevered brain.

However that may be, Benjy and beasts were thenceforward on very different terms. Now during long weeks of sickness, Benjy's only companions were his parents and his little sisters. It came about that Benjy's sick room was so decorated with plants, aquariums, and so forth, that it became a sort of Beastland. From watching his sisters, Benjy took to feeding the beasts himself.

But it was a very sad event which fully softened Benjy's heart.

As Benjy was being carried into the house after his accident, Mr. Rough caught sight of his master and was anxious to follow and see what became of him. But, as he was in the way, a servant was ordered to fasten him up in his own house; and to this man's care he was given through Benjy's illness. The little girls often asked after him, and received reports of his health, but, as the terrier's temper was supposed to be less trustworthy than that of Nox, they were not allowed to play with him or take him out with them.

Hence it came about that he was a good deal neglected at this time, Benjy's parents being so absorbed by the anxiety of his illness, and the sisters not being allowed to make the dog their companion.

Once or twice the servant took him out for a run. The instant he was free, Mr. Rough fled to the house to see what had become of Benjy. And, as he did this every time, the servant finally left him alone, and did not take him out at all. Food was put within his reach, but Mr. Rough's appetite failed daily. Mr. Rough never moved his eyes nor his nose from the opening under the barn-door. Oh, for one sniff of Benjy passing by! Oh, to be swung round a dozen times by the teeth or tail! Oh, for anything from Benjy! So the gentle heart within that rough little body pined day by day in its loving anxiety for a harsh master.

But the first time that Benjy came downstairs he begged that Mr. Rough might be brought into the drawing-room; for, as I have said, if he had a regard for any animal it was for the wiry terrier. So the servant opened the barn-door;

and Mr. Rough thought of Benjy and darted into the house. And when he got into the front hall, he smelt Benjy and ran into the drawing-room, and when he got into the drawing-room, he saw Benjy, who had heard the jingle of his collar and stood up to receive him with outstretched arms. Then, with one wild sound, that was neither a bark nor a whine, Mr. Rough sprang to Benjy's arms and fell at his feet.

Dead? Yes, dead; with one spasm of unspeakable joy!

Benjy's grief for his faithful friend was not good for his bodily health just then, but it was good for him in other ways. And as the bitter tears poured over his cheeks and dropped on to the scarred, grizzled little face that could feel cruelty or kindness no more, the smudginess seemed to be washed away from him, body and soul.

Yes, in spite of all past sins, Benjy lived to repent, and to become a good friend to beasts.

By the time he was strong again, he and his little sisters had a common interest in the animals under their care—their own private Beastland.

He tried to pet other terriers, but in vain. So the new "Rough" was given to the sisters, and Benjy adopted Nox. For he said, "I should like a dog who knew Mr. Rough;" and, "If Nox likes me in spite of old times, I shall believe I am fit to keep a pet."

The savings of Benjy's pocket money for some time were expended on a tombstone for the terrier's grave, with this inscription —

TO A FAITHFUL FRIEND,
ROUGH WITHOUT AND GENTLE WITHIN,
WHO DIED OF JOY,
APRIL 3, 18—
ON HIS MASTER'S RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

* * * * *

And that true and tender beast, who bore so much hard usage for so long, but died of his one great happiness —

Dear reader, do you not think he is in the Dog Star?

Abridged from JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

THE WONDERFUL AIRSHIPS

All the week Ted Robinson had been reading the newspapers for accounts of the doings of the wonderful new airships. He had cut out pictures



of them and had pasted them in his scrapbook. He had asked questions of grandpa until that poor old gentleman had threatened to move from town. He had begged his father to take him to the big

park where the airships were, until the family was tired of the very name of "airship."

But at last his dream was to come true. It was a beautiful May morning when Mr. Robinson left home for the office, promising to return at one o'clock to take Ted to the park.

When they arrived, Ted could hardly hide his disappointment, for there was not an airship in sight.

Mr. Robinson explained that this was because the men were not yet ready to fly.

"Each of those big tents covers an airship," he said, "and later on, when they are removed, we shall see the machine. It is early, so we can have a seat in the front row, opposite the tents."

Before long, many automobiles whizzed on to the field, and crowds of people began to pour in and fill up the grand stand.

The band played merrily. Every one seemed excited and impatient.

Finally, a man in a long, gray, rubber coat and a tight-fitting cap, which was pulled down over his ears, ran on to the field, and began to busy himself

about one of the tents. There was a mighty clapping of hands. "He is one of the men who are going to fly," said Mr. Robinson.

Sure enough, in a few minutes Ted saw the tent disappear, and in its place stood a big monster on wheels. It had a plane or platform on top and another below with a long tail-like piece reaching back into the air.

"It looks like a dragon fly," said Ted.

Finally, the man who was to fly took his seat in the airship. There was a swift whirring of wheels. The monster ran along the ground for about sixty feet and rose, slowly at first, then more and more quickly, until it was far above the heads of the interested watchers below.

Ted held his breath as he watched the graceful dippings and soarings of the wonderful thing. Like some big bird it hovered over them, swooping down until one could almost touch it, then darting away again, mounting higher and higher, until it seemed nothing but a tiny black speck in the air. Soon, other airships began to whirl and to fly off;

and before he left, Ted saw four machines in the air at the same time.

Some of the "human birds" seemed to want to go very high, others to stay in the air for a long while, and still others to fly out over the ocean. Whatever they did, it was all bewildering and wonderful and when, at last, it grew dark and it was time to go home, Ted was still as interested as when he had first come to the park.

"It has been a great day," said Mr. Robinson. "I am glad that we are alive in the times when men have invented such a remarkable machine. We shall have plenty to talk about at supper to-night, shan't we, Ted?"

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

HORACE MANN.

THE LITTLE ELF

I met a little Elf man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May morn,
Blue ran the flash across :
Violets were born !

ROBERT BROWNING.

KANNY, THE KANGAROO *

Here is an interesting story about a pet kangaroo that a boy and his sisters had for a playmate. How she came into the family, I cannot



say. Perhaps some sailor-uncle or cousin brought her from Australia; but, at any rate, there she was, and dearly the children loved her.

* Copyright, 1899, Longmans, Green & Company.

To begin with, she was very pretty, tall, and slight — she was five feet when standing up — with a small head, large eyes, and soft, silky skin. With her two little hands she helped herself at meals in the most polite manner. And then, how she could jump! The flight of stairs she cleared at a bound, and as for the big hall, four skips brought her from one end to the other.

The cats, who had been rather pleased with their own leaping before Kanny came, treated her coldly, and not very politely. When she bounded into the room where they were all comfortably seated on the best chairs, they rose as one cat, and put their tails up and their ears down.

Kanny did not understand the language of cats — and she stared at them with wonder, and when the cats found it was no use being rude, they became polite, and at last grew quite fond of Kanny. But to the end, they never could bear to see Kanny help herself first at dinner, and growled and snarled when she put her paws into the dish.

Kanny's favorite dinner was rabbit bones, and this taste was shared by the cats, but in general

they considered that, in the matter of food, she was not to be depended upon. Fancy any sensible creature liking tea, when it could get good milk, and sometimes — say on birthdays — cream! What could she see in all those horrid pink and yellow things that the children called “bull’s eyes,” and “lollipops,” and surely she must be mad to get so excited over those hard white nuts that were said to be almonds.

But Kanny paid no heed to these remarks and scornful glances, and ate thankfully all the sweets that the children gave her. Indeed, almost the only time she was ever out of temper was when any one forgot to put sugar in her tea!

Kanny’s favorite prank was to jump on top of the great walls seven feet high, which shut in the fruit garden and shut out the children, and then spring down among the bushes where her favorite currants and cherries grew. Kanny’s appetite was good, and like people who are fond of eating, she enjoyed trying experiments.

One morning, when she had had as much fruit as she wanted, she leaped on top of the wall

which at that end opened out upon a lane, where some workmen were busy making a door into another garden. Her movements were as silent as they were rapid, and when the carpenters suddenly looked up and saw this strange creature standing before them, they flung down their tools and ran away as hard as they could.

But as winter came on, poor Kanny's games got fewer and fewer. She had attacks of shivering, which generally ended in fainting fits, and between them she would lie on her bed, looking up sadly at her anxious nurses, who sat by her, stroking her head.

At length the weather got so cold that they could not keep her warm in her little house, so she was carried in and laid on a soft rug before the kitchen fire. She knew they meant to be kind to her, and, though she had hardly strength for the move, she tried to raise her head and rub it against their hands. But the bitter frost had touched her lungs, and she fell back gasping, and in a few minutes was dead.

The children wept bitterly for their beloved

playfellow, whom they themselves buried under a tree; and, though time passed and they had other pets, no one ever took in their hearts the place of Kanny.

ANDREW LANG.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The Man in the Moon, as he sails the sky,
Is a very remarkable skipper.
But he made a mistake
When he tried to take
A drink of milk from the Dipper.

He dipped right into the Milky Way,
And slowly and carefully filled it.
The Big Bear growled
And the Little Bear howled,
And scared him so, that he spilled it!

ANONYMOUS.

THE FOOLISH WEATHER VANE



In a little town by the sea, a shining weather vane was once put on the top of a high steeple to tell the direction of the wind. If it pointed west, the fishermen went fearlessly to sea, for they were quite sure the weather would be fine and their work safe. But if it pointed east, the men kept near the shore or stayed at home and mended their nets; for when the east wind blew, a storm, which brought a rough sea, was promised.

For a long time all went well and the weather vane turned just as the wind directed. But at last he noticed that the people looked up at him every morning before going to their work, and, though he had done nothing but give them the wind's message, he be-

gan to feel very important. Soon the wind came by and whispered, "Point west, point west; tell that a fair day is at hand." But the weather vane had by this time grown quite stiff with pride and refused to turn. "The people look to me and do as I say; why should I follow your directions?" he said.

That morning, when the fishermen looked at the weather vane, they were puzzled. "This wind seems like a west wind," said they, "but our weather vane points east. We will stay on land to-day." So they stayed at home, and all day long the sky was cloudless and the sea still. Boats from other towns were seen sailing before a west wind, and the people knew that something was wrong with their weather vane. But the weather vane was now sure that the people followed him, and all night he swung about at will, to show what he could do.

The next morning as the wind rushed by, it urged, "Point east! point east! a great storm is coming." But the weather vane paid no attention to the wind and pointed west. On this morning,

though the weather vane told the fishermen to go to sea, they said, "This wind feels like an east wind," and, looking about them, they took the wind's message from trees and clouds, and nearly every one stayed at home.

Soon the sky grew black, the wind roared, and big waves dashed against the shore. The little boats that had gone out were dashed in pieces, and the men in them were saved only by the hard work of their friends on shore.

The foolish weather vane was sorry to see the people in trouble, and wished he had done as he was told. He said, "Hereafter I will obey the wind," but it was too late, for the people said, "That weather vane no longer tells the direction of the wind; we must put up a new one."

How pleasant it is, at the end of the day,
No follies to have to repent,
But reflect on the past, and be able to say
That my time has been properly spent!

JANE TAYLOR.

LEWIS CARROLL'S LETTER TO GERTRUDE

Lewis Carroll was an English writer. He was very fond of children, and wrote several beautiful books for them.

Two of these, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and "Through the Looking-Glass," you can read for yourselves.

Below, you will find a letter which Mr. Carroll wrote to a little girl whom he had met at the sea-side.

Oxford, England,

December 9, 1875.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE :

This really will not do, you know, sending one more kiss every time by post; the parcel gets so heavy it is quite expensive. When the postman brought in the last letter, he looked quite grave. "Two pounds to pay, sir!" he said. "*Extra weight*, sir!" (I think he cheats a little, by the way. He often makes me pay *pounds*, when I think it should be *pence*.) "Oh, if you please, Mr. Postman!" I said, going down gracefully on one knee (I wish you could see me go down on one knee to a postman — it's a very pretty sight),

“do excuse me just this once! It’s only from a little girl!”

“Only from a little girl!” he growled. “What are little girls made of?” “Sugar and spice,” I began to say, “and all that’s ni—” but he interrupted me. “No! I don’t mean that. I mean what’s the good of little girls when they send such heavy letters?” “Well, they’re not *much* good, certainly,” I said, rather sadly.

“Mind you don’t get any more such letters,” he said, “at least, not from that particular little girl.” . . .

I promised him we would send each other *very* few more letters — “Only two thousand four hundred and seventy, or so,” I said. “Oh!” he said, “a little number like *that* doesn’t signify. What I mean is, you must not send *many*.”

So, you see, we must keep count now, and when we get to two thousand four hundred and seventy, we mustn’t write any more, unless the postman gives us leave.

I sometimes wish I were back on the shore at Sandown; don’t you?

Your loving friend,

LEWIS CARROLL.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled :
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered ; —
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

“ I'm sorry that I spelt the word :
I hate to go above you,
Because,” — the brown eyes lower fell, —
“ Because, you see, I love you ! ”

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, — because they love him.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little
beams that are bright all the time.

It is always true that if we do nothing for
others, we do nothing for ourselves.

The first great law is to obey.

Brave deeds are the monuments of brave men.

Never lose a chance of saying a kind word.

No one can disgrace us but ourselves.



THE FIRE

Fire! Fire! shouts a crowd of people running along a city street.

A thick cloud of smoke is pouring from the kitchen windows of a nearby house. The owner has just discovered that the cook has upset a kettle of hot fat which was frying on the stove, and that the floor has caught fire.

He rushes to the nearest fire alarm box and sends in an alarm.

In a minute or two the alarm has told four companies of firemen that their prompt help is needed.

You may imagine how anxiously the owner of the burning house looks up and down the street for the first signs of an engine. Although it seems a long time to him, he waits but two minutes after the alarm has reached the first fire house.

Clang! Clang! Clang! the fire bells are ringing. Here comes the fire engine drawn by three plunging black horses! What noble animals they are! How they leap along! No need to urge *them*! The whistle on the fire engine blows loudly. Electric cars, automobiles, teams—all clear the way for the engine. It is followed by a hose wagon filled with firemen in rubber coats and fire hats.

Next comes the automobile containing the chief and his chauffeur. While the latter drives, the chief keeps a sharp lookout for the first signs of the fire.

The owner of the burning house runs along with the crowd of people who shout to the firemen and point to the location of the fire.

The firemen connect the hose with a nearby hydrant, and in a twinkling, streams of water are pouring into the burning kitchen.

A “water tower” has also arrived, in case water has to be pumped to the upper stories ; and a fire-insurance patrol has come to save the furniture, and to protect the house from water damage.

The excitement is dying down now — the fire is well under control. The firemen open all the windows to let out the smoke, and in a few moments they pronounce the fire over !

The owner of the house sees the firemen preparing to leave, and he is very happy to see that, after all, very little damage has been done. He shudders to think of what might have happened if the fire department had not come to his aid.

The city sent him a fire engine to pump the water, a hose to carry it from the hydrant into the house, a hook and ladder to cling and climb by, a water tower to pump water to the upper stories, an insurance patrol to save the furnishings from ruin, many brave firemen to do the work, and a chief to direct it.

He is very glad that he lives in a city that provides such an excellent fire department to protect him and his house from fire.

THE BEAR THAT PLAYED SOLDIER

ONE OF THE MOON'S STORIES

“In the inn of a little town,” said the moon, “sat a man who was going about the country with a bear. While he ate his supper the bear was left out in the yard.

Poor Bruin! He was tame and would do no one any harm, though he looked grim enough.

Up in the garret of the inn three little children were playing together by the light of my rays. The eldest might be six years old, the youngest was not more than two.

Stump, stump, stump! Something was coming up the stairs. Who could it be? The door flew open. In walked Bruin—great, shaggy Bruin. He had grown tired of waiting in the yard, and found his way up the stairs. I saw it all,” said the moon.

“The children were much frightened at the bear. Each of them crept into a corner, but he found them all and did not hurt them.

‘This must be a great dog,’ they said, and began to stroke him. Then the bear lay down on

the floor. The youngest boy climbed on his back, and hid his curly head in the bear's shaggy fur.

Presently the oldest boy took his drum and began to beat it. Then the bear rose up on his hind legs and began to dance. Oh, it was most charming to see!

After that each boy took his gun. They gave the bear a gun, and he held it quite properly, too.

Then they began to march. 'One, two; one, two;' and around the garret they went.

Suddenly some one came to the door. It was the children's mother. Poor woman, she was so frightened that she could not speak.

The youngest boy smiled at her and cried out, 'See! We are playing soldier!' Then the bear's master came running up the stairs, and took Bruin away."

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

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THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the Dial plate changed face with alarm ; the Hands made a feeble effort to continue their course ; the Wheels remained motionless with surprise ; the Weights hung speechless. Each one felt disposed to lay the blame on the others.

At length the Dial asked the cause of the stop when Hands, Wheels, Weights with one voice declared their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard from the Pendulum, who thus spoke :

"I confess myself to be the only cause of the present stoppage and am willing to give my reasons. The truth is that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so angry that it was on the point of striking.

"Lazy Wire!" exclaimed the Dial plate. "As to that," replied the Pendulum, "it is very easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every-

body knows, set yourself up above me — it is very easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness — you who have nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beg of you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backward and forward year after year, as I do.”

“As to that,” said the Dial, “is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?”

“But what of that?” said the Pendulum. “Although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for a moment to look out. Besides I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you please, I’ll tell you how I took this dislike to my work.”

“This morning I happened to be thinking how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours — perhaps some of you above there can tell me the exact sum?” The Minute hand, being quick at figures, quickly replied, “Eighty-six thousand, four hundred times.” “Exactly so,” replied the Pendulum.

“ Well, I ask you all if the thought of this was not enough to tire one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder that I felt discouraged at the thought, so, after a great deal of reasoning, thought I to myself, ‘I’ll stop.’ ”

The Dial, who could scarcely keep its face at this remark, replied : “ Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, busy person as yourself should have been overcome by this thought. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time ; so have we all, and are likely to do ; and though this may tire us to think of, the question is : ‘ Will it tire us to *do* ? ’ Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes ? ” The Pendulum ticked six times at its usual pace.

“ Now,” said the Dial, “ was that work tiring to you ? ” “ Not in the least,” replied the Pendulum ; “ it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions.”

“ Very good,” replied the Dial, “ but remember although you may think of a million strokes in an

instant, you are obliged to tick but one ; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That thought comforts me, I confess," said the Pendulum. "Then I hope," added the Dial plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the people will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the Weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed ; when, as with one consent, the Wheels began to turn, the Hands began to move, the Pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever ; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen blind shining full upon the Dial plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE ANGEL

Whenever a good child dies, an angel from Heaven comes down to earth and takes the dead child in his arms, spreads out his great white wings, and flies away over all the places the child has loved, and picks quite a handful of flowers, which he carries up to the Almighty that they may bloom in Heaven more brightly than on earth. And the Father presses all the flowers to His heart; but He kisses the flower that pleases Him best, and the flower is then given a voice, and can join in the great chorus of praise.

This is what an Angel said, as he carried a dead child up to Heaven, and the Child heard, as if in a dream; and they went on over the places at home where the little Child had played, and came through gardens with beautiful flowers. "Which of these shall we take with us to plant in heaven?" asked the Angel.

Now there stood near them a slender, beautiful rosebush; but a wicked hand had broken the stem, so that all the branches, covered with

half-opened buds, were hanging around, quite withered.

“The poor rosebush !” said the Child. “Take it, that it may bloom up yonder.”

And the Angel took it, and kissed the Child, and the little one opened his eyes. They plucked some of the rich flowers, but also took with them the wild pansy and the humble buttercup.

“Now we have flowers,” said the Child.

And the Angel nodded, but he did not yet fly upward to Heaven. It was night and quite silent. They remained in the great city ; they floated about there in a small street, where lay whole heaps of straw, ashes, and sweepings, for it had been removal day. There lay bits of plates, bits of plaster, rags, and old hats, and all this did not look well.

And the Angel pointed amid all this dirt to a few pieces of a flower-pot, and to a lump of earth which had fallen out, and which was kept together by the roots of a great dried field flower, which was of no use, and had, therefore, been thrown out into the street.

“We will take that with us,” said the Angel.
“I will tell you why as we fly onward.

Down yonder in the narrow lane, in the low cellar, lived a poor sick boy ; from his childhood he had been bedridden. When he was at his best, he could go up and down the room a few times, leaning on crutches ; that was the most that he could do.

For a few days in summer the sunbeams would shine in the cellar for a few hours ; and when the poor boy sat there and the sun shone on him, and he looked at the red blood in his three fingers, as he held them up before his face, he would say, ‘ Yes, to-day he has been out.’

He knew the forest with its beautiful green, only from the fact that a neighbor’s little son brought him the first green branch of a beech tree, and he held that up over his head, and dreamed he was in the beech wood, where the sun shone and the birds sang.

On a spring day the neighbor’s boy brought him also field flowers, and among them was, by chance, one to which the root was still hanging ;

and so it was planted in a flower-pot, and placed by the bed close to the window. And the flower had been planted by a fortunate hand; and it grew, threw out new shoots, and bore flowers every year. It became a splendid flower garden to the sickly boy — his little treasure here on earth.

He watered it, and tended it, and took care that it had the benefit of every ray of sunlight, down to the latest that struggled in through the narrow window. The flower itself was woven into his dreams, for it grew for him and gladdened his eyes, and spread its fragrance about him; and toward it he turned in death, when the Father called him.

He has now been with the Almighty for a year; for a year the flower has stood forgotten in the window, and is withered; and thus, at the removal, it has been thrown out into the dust of the street. And this is the poor flower which we have taken into our nosegay; for this flower has given more joy than the richest in a queen's garden."

"But how do you know all this?" asked the Child.

“I know it,” said the Angel, “for I myself was that boy who walked on crutches. I know my flower well.”

And the Child opened his eyes and looked into the glorious happy face of the Angel; and at the same moment they entered the regions where there is peace and joy. And the Father pressed the dead Child to His bosom, and then it received wings like the Angel, and flew hand in hand with him. And the Almighty kissed the dry, withered field flower, and it received a voice and sang with all the angels hovering around — some near, and some in wider circles, and some in the distance, but all very happy.

And they all sang — little and great, the good happy Child, and the poor field flower that had lain there withered, thrown among the dust in the rubbish of the removal day, in the dark, narrow street.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

CHILD'S SONG IN SPRING

The silver birch is a dainty lady,
She wears a satin gown ;
The elm tree makes the old churchyard shady,
She will not live in town.

The English oak is a sturdy fellow,
He gets his green coat late ;
The willow is smart in a suit of yellow,
While brown the beech trees wait.

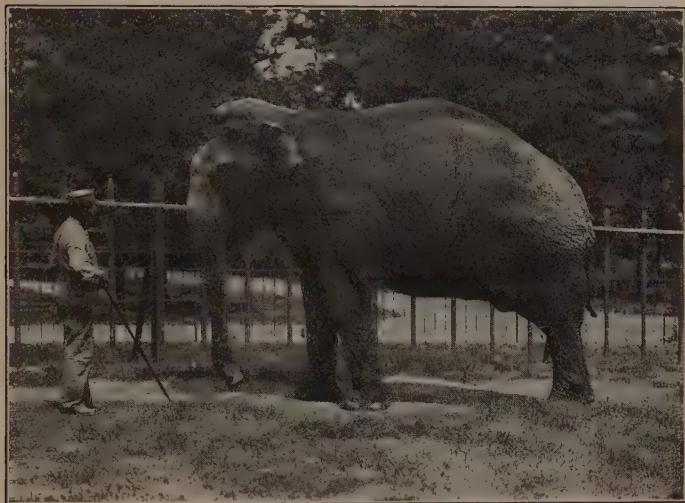
Such a gay green gown God gives the larches —
As green as He is good !
The hazels hold up their arms for arches
When Spring rides through the wood.

The chestnut's proud, and the lilac's pretty,
The poplar's gentle and tall,
But the plane tree's kind to the poor dull city —
I love him best of all !

E. NESBIT.

AT THE ZOO

Rose Barrett came running up the street, so out of breath that she could hardly speak. "Oh, Nan!" she cried, "Mother is going to take us all



out to the Zoo! She wants your sister, Celia, and the baby to go, too. Hurry, for mother will be around with the carriage in a few minutes."

A carriage load of merry children was soon trotting briskly out of the city and up the long hill.

The Zoo lies on high ground, and from it one can see the far-away blue hills. The wild animals have plenty of space here.



“Let’s go first to the sea lion,” said Rose. “I want to see him fed.”

They found the large sea lion lashing the pool into big waves, and looking for the man with his expected dinner. But a card on the fence told the children that it was yet half an hour to the lion’s dinner-time; so our friends went into the house near by where the elephants and giraffes live.

Baby was pleased with the giraffes, but when the elephant stretched out his trunk for an apple, she was very much frightened. The kangaroo held out his paw for a cracker, but the children did not stop.

Next they ran down the hill to the bear-pit.

The big polar bears walked slowly round and round.

“That big bear looks at baby as if he thought she would be good to eat,” said Nan. Rose stepped up on the iron fence and leaned over. In an instant the mother bear leaped up on top of the rocks and thrust her paw out. The little girl ran to her mother, crying with fear. Mrs. Barrett told the children that it was a dangerous thing to try to get too near any wild animal. “Come, we will go back to the sea lion,” she said.

They found many people outside the wire fence that surrounded the pool. A man with a basket of fish went up a ladder to a bridge which led over the pool. He threw the fish far and near, but it was very seldom that one touched the water. The sea lion darted from side to side, caught a fish, swallowed it whole, and was ready for another before the man could put his hand into the basket again.

After swallowing eight or ten fish he stretched himself lazily out on the rocks and went to sleep.

Nan and Rose had set their hearts on a ride and were very happy to be mounted on two rough-coated ponies that were led around the ring.

On a tiny pony, named Topsy, in the tiniest of saddles, baby Brown was mounted, and, led by the



pony-master's boy, rode proudly off, the happiest little girl that the sun shone on that spring morning.

After the ride was over the children visited the lions and tigers, also the parrots, and other birds.

“I suppose you will be disappointed if we do not see the monkeys,” said Mrs. Barrett. “We will go into the monkey-house for a few moments.”

So in they went, and were much amused by the antics of two tiny baby monkeys. Some schoolboys were snapping a handkerchief at one of them, and then snatching it away again. Suddenly the monkey seized the handkerchief, and leaped to the top of the cage with it. Here he sat, looking it over, then he bit out the center and ate it with much enjoyment. Every one laughed heartily at this funny trick — except the boy who owned the handkerchief. He slipped away quietly, feeling that the monkey had the best of *that* joke.

“Now we must go home,” said Mrs. Barrett. “We will come again some day.”

For many weeks, after this delightful day, Baby Brown did little but “play Zoo,” leaping like the kangaroos, growling like the tigers, climbing like the monkeys, or creeping on the floor as if she were a sea lion catching fish.

Adapted from MARY P. WELLS SMITH.

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THE BLIND MAN AND THE TALKING DOG

There was once an old man whom Fortune had made blind. She had taken his hearing, also, so that he was deaf.

But Love had given the Blind Man a dog, who led him out in the morning to a seat in the sun under the elm tree, and held his hat for pennies, and brought him safely home at sunset.

The dog was wise and faithful — as dogs often are — but the wonder of him was that he could talk.

One day the Mayor's little son came down the street, and by the hand he led his playmate Aldegunda.

“Give the poor blind man a penny,” she said.

“You are always wanting me to give away my money,” replied the boy crossly. “It is well that my father is the richest man in the city, and that I have a whole silver dollar yet in my pocket.”

But he put the penny into the hat which the dog held out, and the dog gave it to his master.

“Heaven bless you!” said the blind man.

“Amen,” said the Dog.

“Aldegunda! Aldegunda!” cried the boy, dancing with delight. “Here’s a dog who can talk. I would give my silver dollar for him. Old man, I say, old man! Will you sell me your dog for a silver dollar?”

“My master is deaf as well as blind,” said the Dog.

“What an unhappy old creature he must be!” said the boy.

“People do not smile when they are unhappy, do they?” said the Dog. “My master smiles sometimes — when the sun warms through our coats; when he feels the hat shake against his knee as the pennies drop in; and when I lick his hand.”

“But for all that, he is a poor, old beggar, in want of everything,” said the boy. “Now I am the Mayor’s only son, and he is the richest man in the city. Come and live with me, and I will give the Blind Man my silver dollar. I should be perfectly happy if I had a Talking Dog of my own.”

"It is worth thinking of," said the Dog. "I should certainly like a master who was perfectly happy. You are sure that there is nothing else that you wish for?"

"I wish I were a man," replied the boy. "To do exactly as I chose, and have plenty of money to spend, and holidays all the year round."

"That sounds well," said the Dog. "Perhaps I had better wait till you grow up. There is nothing else that you want, I suppose?"

"I want a horse," said the boy, "a real black charger. My father ought to know that I am too old for a hobby-horse. It makes me cross to look at it."

"I must wait for the charger, I see," said the Dog. "Nothing makes you cross but the hobby-horse, I hope?"

"Aldegunda makes me cross more than anything," answered the boy. "She always tumbles down when we run races, her legs are so short. It's her birthday to-day, but she toddles as badly as she did yesterday though she's a year older."

“She will have learned to run by the time that you are a man,” said the Dog. “So nice a little lady can give you no other reason for getting cross, I am sure?”

The boy scowled.

“She is always wanting something. She wants something now. What do you want, Aldegunda?”

“I should like the blind man to have the silver dollar,” said Aldegunda.

“That’s just the way you go on,” said the boy, angrily. “You always think differently from me. Now remember, Aldegunda, I shall not like you any more unless you agree with what I do.”

On hearing this, Aldegunda cried till she burst the strings of her bonnet, and the boy had to tie them again.

“I won’t like you at all if you cry,” he said.

But at that she only cried the more, and they went away quarreling into the streets.

As to the old man, he had heard nothing; and when the dog licked his hand, he smiled.

Many a time did the boy return with his playmate to try to get the Talking Dog. But the dog

always asked if he had yet received all that he wanted, and, being a truthful child, the boy refused to say that he was happy when he was not.

“The day that you want nothing more but me I will be your dog,” it said. “Unless my master should have found perfect happiness before you.”

“I am not afraid of that,” said the boy.

In time the Mayor died, and the boy’s mother moved away and took her son with her.

Years passed, and the Blind Man lived on and the Mayor’s son became a man, and was strong and rich, and had a fine black charger. Aldegunda grew up also. She was beautiful, wonderfully beautiful.

And so it happened that the Mayor’s son and Aldegunda were married.

The wedding was a fine one, and when it was over, the bridegroom mounted his black charger and, with his bride seated behind him, rode away into the streets.

“Ah, what delight!” he said. “Now we will ride through the city where we lived when we were children. If the blind man is still alive,

you shall give him a silver dollar; and if the Talking Dog is alive, I shall own him, for to-day I am perfectly happy and want nothing."

Aldegunda thought to herself "We are so happy, and have so much, that I do not like to take the Blind Man's dog from him;" but she did not dare to say so.

By and by they rode under the elm tree, but the seat was empty. "What has become of the Blind Man?" the Mayor's son asked of a workman who was near.

"He died two days ago," said the man. "He is buried to-day. They are returning now from the grave."

"And the Talking Dog?" asked the young man.

"He is at the grave now," said the workman; "but he has neither spoken nor eaten since his master died."

"We have come just in time," said the young man, and he rode to the churchyard.

By the grave was the dog, as the man had said.

"Come and live with me, now that your old master is gone," said the young man, stooping over the dog. But he made no reply.

"I think he is dead, sir," said the gravedigger.

"I don't believe it," said the young man, crossly. "He was an Enchanted Dog, and he promised I should have him when I could say what I am ready to say now. He should have kept his promise."

But Aldegunda had taken the dog's head into her arms, and her tears fell fast over it.

"You forget," she said; "he only promised to come to you when you were happy, if his old master were not happier first; and perhaps —"

"I remember that you never agree with me," said the young man, crossly. "What are you crying for? I suppose that the truth is that no one is happy."

Just then the dog opened his eyes and looked at them both.

"I promised to be yours when you could say that you were perfectly happy," he said. "Happiness stays with no one who has a selfish heart

Lumping along with man and load ;
And here is a mill and there is a river :
Each a glimpse and gone forever !

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE OLIVE TREE AND THE FIG TREE

An olive tree one day made fun of a fig tree because he saw that the fig tree had no leaves in winter, while he was wrapped in a soft green all the year round.

One winter day a heavy snowstorm came on. The snow fell thick and fast. It did not harm the fig tree because it fell only between bare branches. The leaves of the olive tree caught and held the snow, and kept it from sliding through to the ground. The weight of the snow at length became so great that some of the olive branches were broken.

After this the olive tree never again laughed at the fig tree for having no leaves in winter.

THE ANGEL PAGE

A lad of great beauty once sought a brave and noble knight, humbly asking permission to serve him as page. Charmed by his graceful manners, the knight engaged him, and never, for a moment, did he have cause to regret having done so.

The cheerful way in which the little page performed every duty soon won his master's approval, and before long they became great friends.

One day, when master and page were riding along the banks of the Rhine, they suddenly noticed the approach of a band of cruel men who had often, but vainly, sought to harm the good knight. Their troop was so numerous that a single glance showed the knight the impossibility of making his escape.

"Would to God you were safe within the castle walls, my faithful little page!" he sadly cried.

"We are lost, my lad, but we must die like heroes. Get behind me, oh, page, and should a chance come, remember I bid you flee!"

“Master, master, follow me! I will show you a way to escape, follow me!” cried the little page, galloping along the river bank and suddenly spurring his steed into the rushing river.

“Rash youth, return!” called the knight, bounding forward in the vain hope of overtaking the page. “Better die, fighting bravely, than to perish miserably in the waves. Return, my page, return!”

“Fear nothing, master, follow me!” still cried the little page, and his silvery tones rose so confidently above the noise of the wind and waves that the knight obeyed. A few moments later the horses had found a firm footing, and, guided by his page, the knight safely forded the Rhine and reached the opposite shore in safety.

In vain the enemy urged their steeds into the deep waters; no trace of ford could be found, so they were forced to give up the chase. The knight’s warm thanks only deepened the love of the little page, who seemed perfectly happy when in his presence or when engaged in some of his numerous errands of mercy.

Not long after this wonderful escape from death the knight's heart was torn with anguish, for his wife lay dangerously ill. The learned physicians, summoned in haste to her bedside, gravely shook their heads and declared she must die, for the only remedy which could give her relief — the milk of a lioness — could not be obtained in that country.

The rumor of the strange remedy spread throughout the castle and came to the ears of the faithful little page, who immediately sprang to his feet and rushed out of the hall. An hour later he suddenly appeared at the lady's bedside, flushed and panting, but bearing a full cup of lioness' milk, which the learned doctors gave to the patient. In a very few moments the color stole back into the lady's pale cheeks, the light to her eyes, and she soon sank into a sweet sleep, from which she awoke fully cured.

Then the knight eagerly sought his little page and gratefully poured out the thanks with which his heart overflowed. "But tell me, my noble, faithful page, how could you so speedily procure a

remedy which all my wealth could not command? ” he inquired.

“ Noble master, I knew a lioness in Arabia, and so — ”

“ Arabia ! ” exclaimed the knight. “ Did you find your way thither, and return within one short hour’s time ? ”

“ Even so, oh, gracious master,” modestly replied the little page, with his beautiful eyes fixed on his master’s pale, astonished face.

“ Lad, who are you, then ? ” suddenly demanded the knight, a nameless terror in his heart. “ Who are you ? Speak ; and hide nothing ! ”

“ Master, beloved master ! ask not who I am, nor whence I came,” cried the little page, sinking down at his feet and stretching out his hands. “ Question me not ! Let me remain at your side, oh, master ! and remember that no harm has befallen you since I have been in your service.”

“ Lad, cease this pleading and answer me. Who are you ? ”

“ A spirit, oh, master ! A spirit of light, who, for you and your service, left a home in the realms

above. But now, oh, master ! I must go. Farewell, farewell !”

“Lad, lad, leave me not ! Remain !” now cried the knight in his turn. “Ask what reward you please, but do not forsake me. Remain, my faithful little page, for I cannot live without you !”

“You have questioned my origin and have mentioned a reward. The charm is broken, oh, master ! and now I must go. In exchange for the services I have performed so cheerfully and so lovingly, I ask you to place a silver bell in the dense forest, that its tinkling sound may guide the weary wanderers, and enable them to find their way home. Dedicate the bell to the Almighty, oh, master ! and receive my last farewell.”

The lad vanished, but none saw him leave the hall or pass through the castle gates, and no trace of him was ever found. The angel page had returned to the heavenly home, inhabited by countless spirits as good, faithful, and pure as he.

His last request was piously fulfilled by the noble knight, who seemed absorbed in mournful memories, for his eye constantly roamed in search

of the beautiful page who had left him ; and when, at evensong, the silvery tones of the little bell pealed forth in the quiet air, they fell upon his ear like an angel's words and filled his heart with restless longing.

Little by little the knight's strength failed. His step grew slow and feeble, and one day, when the shades of night were falling and the first tinkle of the little bell fell upon his ear, he softly murmured : "My page, my faithful little page!" and his soul was released and allowed to join the angel spirit he had learned to love so well.

After that, and for many a year, the bell continued to peal forth its silvery chimes, some echoes of which are still said to linger in the Elberfeld forest, and many a weary wanderer has cause to bless the virtuous knight and his angel page.

H. A. GUERBER.

THE AWAKENING

A farmer, who was taking a walk in the fields, noticed that the acorns on the strong oak were small, while the pumpkin, which was four times as large as a man's head, was growing on a little creeping vine.

"If I had been in the Creator's place," he said, "I should have arranged things differently. The acorn, which is no larger than a man's thumb, ought to have grown in place of the pumpkin, and the big pumpkin ought to have been on the oak."

As it was a very warm day, and as he was feeling sleepy, the man lay down in the shade of the big oak and fell asleep. After some time he was awakened by an acorn which had fallen upon his nose, and which he found caught in his beard.

"How foolish I was!" he cried. "I think that things are very well as they are. If the heavy pumpkin, instead of the light acorn, had fallen on my nose, I might have been killed. I will find no more fault with the works of the Creator; for I see that He was right not to ask my advice."

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;
“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.”

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest;
Hear him call in his merry note:
“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.”

By courtesy of D. Appleton & Company, New York, Publishers of “The Poems of William Cullen Bryant.”



Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers, while I am here.
 • Chee, chee, chee."

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can !
 Chee, chee, chee."

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
 “Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house, while I frolic about.
 Chee, chee, chee.”

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food,
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood;
 “Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
 Chee, chee, chee.”

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air;
 “Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
 Chee, chee, chee.”

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln’s a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
 “Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee.”

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ETHEL'S VISIT TO THE BANK

One Saturday morning Ethel's aunt took her to the city. They went to several of the big stores, where Aunt Kate bought a pair of gloves, and Ethel a drum for her brother Tommy's birthday, which came the very next day.



When she had paid for the drum (which she did very proudly, for she had earned the money herself, by running on errands for the neighbors), the little girl found that she had exactly twenty-

one cents left. There it was — one dime, two nickels, and a bright new penny!

As they were leaving the store, Ethel said, "I wonder what I shall do with my money!"

"Why not put it in the bank?" said auntie.

"In my little tin bank at home?"

"Oh! no, in the big bank here in town," answered auntie.

"I never knew that you could put so little money in a big bank," said Ethel. "Papa puts in bills, and, when we go away in the summer, mamma puts her jewelry and silver in an iron box in the bank."

"Yes, dear, and little boys and girls may put their pennies in the bank also," said Aunt Kate. "Would you like to save your pennies and put them there?"

Ethel was pleased to think that she could put her money in a "really, truly bank" just as papa did.

It was a short walk that brought them to a big granite building. Over the door Ethel spelled out "Penny Savings Bank."

Aunt Kate took Ethel into a big room where there were many men behind wire screens. Some were counting money, some were receiving it from people, and others were giving it to those who had come to draw out their savings.

Aunt Kate explained to one of the men that Ethel wished to put her money in the bank. He laughed and said: "So you want to open up an account with us, do you?"

The little girl handed him the money and he gave her a book — a bank book Auntie said — in which was written her own name. The name of the bank was printed on it and many other things that she could not read.

It was a happy little figure that skipped gaily out of the bank. "You will see how much money I am going to save now!" she told Aunt Kate.

“OUR BELOVED BROTHER PRINCE”

A TRUE STORY

This brother was a dog. I have never known an instance, except the one here described, in which a four-footed beast was called brother. But, when you think of it, there is nothing very wrong in the use of this term. The pug that looks out through the parlor window, and sits on the same seat with a fashionable lady in her carriage, is not unworthy to be called brother. And the St. Bernard who digs in Alpine snow and rescues a poor freezing traveler — is he not a brother?

It is brother Prince I started to tell about. He was a finely bred Scotch terrier, and belonged to the Fire Department of St. Louis. Chief Sexton, who has been at the head of the department for many years, is a brave man, and has brave men under him. The chief is also a good man, and tender-hearted. Both he and his men thought a great deal of Prince. Indeed, Prince was worthy of their regard, for he was one of the best “boys” on the force.

For some time he ran with engine No. 10. Whenever the alarm struck he jumped from his bed as quickly as if he were charging a rat. He acted the part of a captain or general manager.

About the horses, when they were being hitched and started, he ran and dodged, with pattering feet and much uproar, occasionally taking the dangerous risk of biting their heels, until they were under full speed, when he would fall to the rear of the engine, jump on the platform, and ride with the engineer. The men never called him brother, but they treated him like a brother.

After a while Prince went to live with the chief. Here he became still more human, and won the name — brother. He always joined the engine or hose cart when he knew of the alarm; but he spent most of his time in the joyous sports of the children in the neighborhood. He had a soft, shaggy coat of hair, and the most knowing, playful, roguish pair of eyes.

Prince soon became an expert in baseball. He took his regular place with the other boys in the game, and was obedient to the rules. He was

great on "short stops." He would catch a ball in its rapid flight through the air, and before it reached the ground, as well as any other boy. Then he would join the little girls, and be a brother to them in their games of "hide-and-seek" or "hy-spy." Seldom, if ever, was he caught. He always reached the goal or base first.

But sometimes—indeed, often for the fun of the thing—he acted as substitute for some unfortunate little one, and became "it."

You may not believe it, but I have it from the chief's daughter, who knew all the freaks and pranks of the dog, that, when he stood at the base and his companions were seeking hiding places, he closed one eye, but held the other wide open, and kept perfectly still, waiting for the word "ready." Then he bounced and pranced in all directions, as though there was the smell of rats in the air, until he had shown the last hiding place—himself always reaching the base first.

But Prince came to a tragic death. On the 10th of August, 1883, about six o'clock in the evening, the alarm sounded at the chief's house,

and Prince bounded to the pavement. A hose carriage whirled around the corner, and he ran to jump on it. The horses were strangers to this little fireman, and one of them kicked him on the head. The great-hearted driver put on his brake and stopped the cart, but it was too late. The wheel had passed over his body and he was dead.

The hose carriage passed on. A great crowd of neighbors — men, women, and weeping children — gathered to the scene. “Little Prince is killed!” shouted the excited children, and in a few minutes the whole neighborhood was on the pavement, while tender little hands bore the body of the dead hero to the chief’s house.

There were no games in that neighborhood on the 11th of August. It was a day of mourning. Toward sunset nearly a hundred children — white and black — had assembled to bury Prince. In the back yard of the chief’s residence was a circular bed covered with flowers of many colors, opening their faces to heaven. In the middle of this bed a grave was dug. Here the body of Prince was laid.

The grave was filled, and then covered with bouquets brought by the hands of the little mourners. There was a pause and a dead silence. A little colored boy, nine years old, stepped to the head of the grave; while all the boys uncovered their heads, and, with choking voice, made this simple address and prayer: "My beloved brothers and sisters, we are called to the funeral of our beloved brother Prince."

Then he dropped upon his knees and said: "O Lord, our beloved brother Prince was killed last night by the hose cart that ran over him. O Lord, we will never play with him again. O brothers and sisters, we will meet him in heaven. O Lord, save his little soul."

A little boy four years old said, "Amen!" There was not a dry eye, and many children sobbed aloud. They parted suddenly. A strange brotherhood! — children and a dead dog. But — "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

JAMES JOHONNOT.

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THE RUBBER BABY*

The ascent of the Rubber Baby took place in the back yard on the afternoon of last Fourth of July. It was an occasion of great interest.

We were all in the yard — Mamma, Papa, Tubby, Toots, Posy, Bunny, Bay and Mr. Bagabave. (This boy has another name, but he prefers Mr. Bagabave because he made it himself.)

There was also the best cousin, who is nine feet tall, more or less, and a kind gentleman, who was a friend of the best cousin, and came to see that he did not hurt himself with the fire-crackers.

Well, there we all were, and we fired crackers and torpedoes the whole afternoon without stopping. The best cousin and the kind gentleman did it to amuse the children, and the rest of us did it to amuse ourselves.

We had cannon crackers a foot long; we had double-headers, which papa threw up in the air, oh, ever so far, so that they exploded long before they reached the ground. Then there were dear

* Copyright, 1895, Estes and Lauriat.

little crackers, very small and slender, just made for Bay.

Now we fired off single crackers, great and small, with a bang, and a bang and a bang-bang; then we put a whole bunch under a barrel, and they went snap, crack, crickety, crackety. Yes, it was delightful.

But Papa, who has lived long and fired many crackers, began to wish for something new, and he said: "Let us have an ascension!"

Then we took counsel, and Mr. Bagabave said: "We will send up the Rubber Baby." Now the Rubber Baby belonged to Bay, and she loved him; but when Bunny and Mr. Bagabave told her what a fine thing it was to get up in the world, Bay consented, and went and brought the Rubber Baby, who smiled and thought little of the matter.

Then Papa brought the biggest cannon cracker of all, and made a long fuse for it, and set it up in the ground; and over it he put a tomato can, and on the tomato can he set the Rubber Baby.

Now all was ready, and we all stood waiting for the final moment. I do not know what were

the thoughts of the Rubber Baby at this moment, but we were all in a state of great excitement.

“Get out of the way, children!” cried Papa. “Run away, Bay! Get behind the maple tree, Mr. Bagabave! She’s going. Now, then! One, two, three and away!” and Papa touched off the fuse.

A moment of great excitement, a loud report, a thick cloud of smoke! Up rose the Rubber Baby, higher than the top of the big maple tree, almost to the very clouds (or so Bay thought).

We watched in silent rapture; then, as the air-traveler came down, still smiling, a loud cheer broke from the whole crowd.

No, not from the whole crowd; there was one exception. The kind gentleman who came to keep the best cousin from hurting himself gave a howl so loud and clear that we all started, and ran to see what was the matter.

The poor gentleman had been holding a cannon cracker, which he was going to fire just when Papa gave the signal for sending off the Rubber Baby. In the excitement of the moment he for-

got the cannon cracker, and it went off in his hand, and burnt him quite badly.

We were all very sorry, not only for the poor gentleman's own sake, but because now there was no one to see that the best cousin did not hurt himself.

The Rubber Baby said nothing, but sat still in the middle of the gravel walk. Perhaps it was waiting to see if some one would come to cheer and comfort it; but no one came till little Bay took it up, wiped off the dust and powder, kissed it and put it to bed.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

The woman was old and ragged and gray
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way.

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down on the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
“ I’ll help you across if you wish to go.”

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

“ She ’s somebody’s mother, boys, you know,
For all she ’s aged and poor and slow ;

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

If ever she ’s poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away.”

And “ somebody’s mother ” bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, “ God be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody’s son and pride and joy ! ”

“ HARPER’S WEEKLY.”



SIGHT-SEEING IN A BIG CITY

Dan lived in the country and had never been away from home. When his cousin Otis, who lived in the city, wrote to invite him to make a visit, Dan was delighted. "May I go?" he asked his father eagerly. Mr. Strong looked at the boy's flushed and excited face. "You have been a good lad and have done your best both at school and at home," he answered. "I think that you deserve this trip."

So, on the following Monday, Dan started off, dressed in his new suit and cap, and best shoes. He was to drive to the city. It was a day's journey and he felt tired and very glad to reach his cousin's house at last. "To-morrow we will see as much of the city as possible," said Otis.

The next morning the two boys made an early start.

"We will go to the State House first of all," said Otis.

It was a great thing to Dan to walk up the steps of the House. He had often seen pictures of it in books at home. The boys climbed to the top of the dome. From this point Dan saw, not only the whole city spread out below and the harbor and islands, but, stretching away to the east, the great ocean.

"Isn't this great?" he cried. "Only to think that this is the ocean, and that it's one grand sweep right across to Europe. I shouldn't suppose there were so many houses in the whole world," he added, as he turned away and followed Otis down to earth again.

“Now I am going to show you something that will make you open your eyes,” said Otis.

“What is it?” asked Dan.

“Wait and see,” was all the answer he could get from Otis.

He crossed the street and took Dan into a little house built of stone. They went down a flight of steps and into a big shed-like place. On one side many electric cars were running. “This is the subway,” said Otis. “It is built underground. Overhead is the street.”

As Dan stood looking about him, he suddenly saw, tearing down on him and Otis, a huge monster, coming with force and swiftness. It looked like a train of steam cars, but there was no engine and no steam or smoke. A man, in a blue uniform, stood in a little box-like place in the front of the first car and seemed to be running this strange machine.

“It’s an elevated train,” said Otis, laughing. “I don’t wonder you were puzzled. I felt so myself the first time I saw one.”

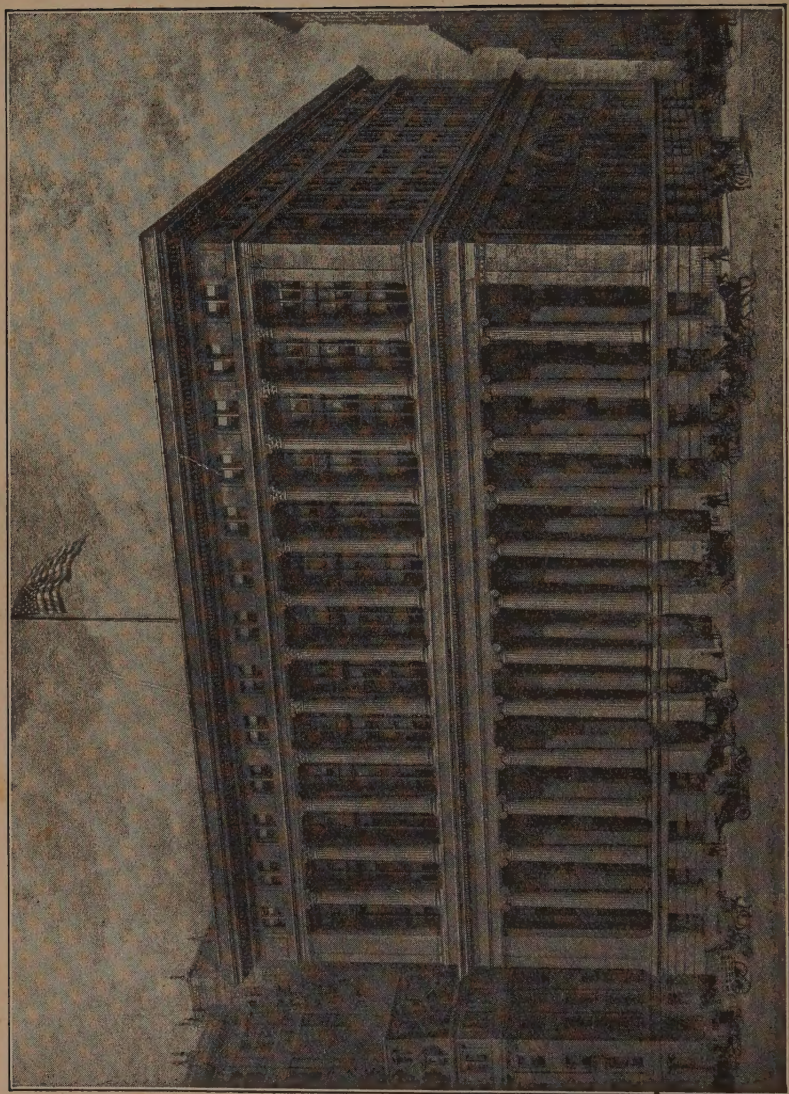
Then Otis explained how the elevated trains

ran much faster than the surface cars, and how they only stopped at certain stations, as the steam cars did. "They are run by electricity and that is why you see no steam or smoke," he said.

From the subway they went out again into the busy crowds. It surprised Dan to see Otis plunge bravely into the streets right under the noses of half a dozen horses, and dash ahead as coolly as if he were crossing a country road without a living thing in sight. Dan's heart beat fast with fear, but he did not want his cousin to know that he was frightened, so he followed close at Otis's heels. He felt better every time they got away from the automobiles, trolley cars and heavy teams, and landed alive and safe on the sidewalk again.

"Now we will go to the city post-office," said Otis. Just here the boys' attention was attracted by the sound of music. In the distance they saw a great crowd coming down the street.

"It's a parade of some sort," said Otis. "They have a brass band, too."



A CITY BANK.





